1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Zaire FO1

tic or racial differential. It might be well to define how certain other terms are used.

CAMP: This term distinguishes the settlement of the Mbuti from that of the villagers. There may be hunting camps, those situated in the forest and from which hunting is conducted, or village camps, those occupied by the Mbuti when they are visiting their villager neighbors.

BAND: This refers to the total Mbuti hunting population, regardless of kinship, that recognizes and utilizes a common hunting territory. The band may occupy a single camp or split into several camps within the same territory.

VILLAGE: The settlement of the Bantu and Sudanic cultivators who have pressed into the forest. Such a village is likely to have a much more clear-cut kinship composition and political identity than an Mbuti band.

VILLAGER: This term, unless otherwise stated, may be taken to refer to any of the cultivators in the Ituri Forest, Bantu or Sudanic, with whom the Mbuti have contact. The use of the different tribal names, such as Bira, Ndaka, Lese, and so forth, would not only be unnecessarily cumbersome but suggest that the relationship varied significantly according to the structure of each individual villager tribe, whereas it seems, for the moment at least, that

[P. 147-D]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

Also, according to Putnam (MS), the Pygmy never cuts a piece of wood larger than an inch in diameter. He cuts wood to make his bows, arrows, spear shafts, and ax hafts. The women use saplings of no greater size to construct the frames of the huts. 313

The material used by the Mbuti throughout the forest is vegetable fiber. From this they make the barkcloth that is their only clothing; the twisted vine that makes their hunting nets; the strings for their bows; carrying baskets and tumplines; and the basketry caps mentioned by Schebesta (1952, 173) who writes (1952, 125) that he has also seen basketry quivers. 28

The Mbuti everywhere use the large phrynium leaves that abound in the forest for roofing their huts, though when near a village plantation they may use plantain leaves. Phrynium leaves are also used in default of villager-manufactured or trade utensils, for carrying water, as cups, and pipe bowls. They use the juices of certain plants and barks for dyes for decoration of body and of barkcloth. 824 [342] [45] [386]

Mbuti exploitation of the forest has no adverse repercussions, as they move camp frequently. Among the net hunters every month or two is Putnam's estimate (1948, 335, 336). 221 361 184

[P. 165-D]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

221 [P. 166-A
361 From Schebesta (1952, 148–149), it would seem
[184] that archer camps are very much more variable
both in size and duration. Although their time
[261] is fully occupied by the requirements of their
[251] hunting and gathering existence, the Mbuti
never have any fear of shortage and conse-
181 quently have no need to store. Theirs is a
182 strictly diurnal economy. This fact, and the
abundant way in which the forest satisfies their
basic needs, not only directly affect their ma-
terial culture (and indirectly their social
structure) but also, to some extent, their social
behavior and their religious thought.

182 The present report is not the place to pursue
121 the question of the effect of environment on
personality and behavior, a study more prop-
erly in the field of psychology than social
anthropology. But it is worth emphasizing the
probable importance of the environment in this
respect, as it becomes especially significant
when we study the religious life of the Mbuti.

[ARCHERS]

613 A number of lineages are associated into
614 clans, but these are widely dispersed and have neither political nor economic significance. Tri-
619 bal sense, says Schebesta, is entirely foreign to the Mbuti.

• 361 The bands are generally found on the edges of small villages, but still in the shade of the forest, according to Schebesta. Jadin (1936) says that only some Efe archers make their camp near the villages. Schebesta (1941, 132–133) finds that the exact location of the camps depends on the food quest, and that the presence of water and shade is a major consideration.

HABITATIONS

361 The huts are built in a circle around a clear-
342 ing by the womenfolk of the individual families.
[462] Saplings are cut, bent, and twisted together to
[341] form a beehive-shaped frame, which is covered with large phrynium leaves. This is the kind of hut described by most sources. Schebesta also describes tunnel-shaped huts.

FURNITURE

352 The furniture of an archer hut is limited to a crude bed of sticks and lianas, raised from the

[P. 167-B]

[ARCHERS]

593 861 Both parents have an equal responsibility in the upbringing of their children—a frequent source of conjugal dispute. Children are expected to respect their parents and are severely criticized, or even ostracized, if they do not conform. Schebesta (1948, 323) quotes the case of a son who lifted his hand against his father who drew his bow and arrow and threatened to kill him; the group forced the son to leave the camp with his family.

606 Restrictions on relations between affines such as a mother-in-law and her son-in-law, or a father-in-law and daughter-in-law, are known to the archers, and practiced to a certain extent among those in the north, but are largely ignored by others in the southeast. The restrictions may amount to total avoidance.

Daily Life

512 The main essence of the daily routine has already been covered. It is primarily concerned with food. The archer women and men are allotted to gathering and hunting, respectively, 514 which occupy most of their time. Refuse from 264 the food is thrown behind the hut, and elimination takes place close by, two factors favoring • 361 the frequent moving of camp.

[P. 177-B]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

THE NET HUNTERS (AFTER PUTNAM)

[P.194-A]

THE SOCIAL UNIT

[62] [114] PATRICK PUTNAM'S (1948) DESCRIPTION of the net-hunting Pygmy band corresponds in essence to that given by Schebesta; the most noticeable difference is in the matter of size. [614] [594] The composition described is the same, i.e., a number of nuclear families tracing descent through the male line from a common ancestor, for whom they are named.

[361]

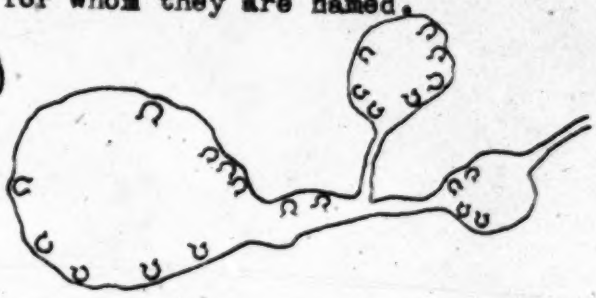


FIG. 16. Plan of net-hunters' camp (after Anne Putnam), Epulu District, Central Ituri.

[614] for whom they are named. The patriclan, however, is generally scattered and is certainly not synonymous with the band. The size of the band is determined at each extreme by the hunting and gathering needs of a cohabitive group.

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS]

621 group. Fifty huts is the maximum given by
361 Putnam, with 25 the average and between 20 and 40 the optimum. Each hut houses a man, [592] his wife or wives, and a few children, so the [162] total number of Pygmies to an average camp is

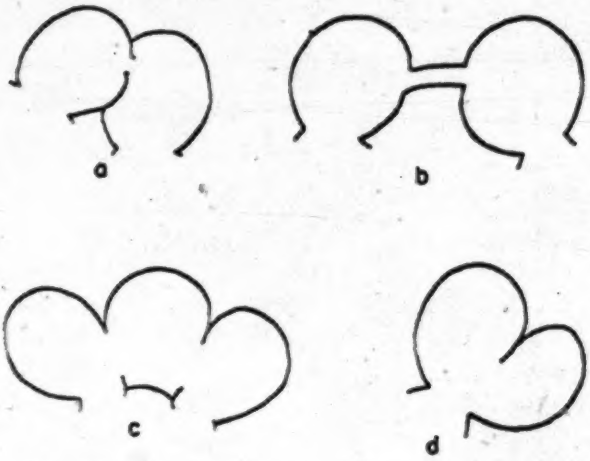


FIG. 17. Plan of net-hunters' polygynous or extended family dwellings (after Anne Putnam), Epulu District, Central Ituri.

[P. 194-B]

[NET HUNTERS]

[P.194-C]

about 150, with from 20 to 40 active adult males.

Anne Putnam, whose experience was confined more to the net hunters of the Epulu region, mentions 17 huts as constituting a large camp (Fig. 16), some of the huts, however, possibly being in the form of double huts (Fig. 17). Huts are continually being enlarged or re-

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 195-A]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

built, though the basic structure is expected to last for the duration of the camp.

In the choice of a situation for a camp, the main considerations are the close proximity of game and fruit, but a *sine qua non* is the presence of drinking water within 50 yards. Other considerations are the absence overhead of dead branches or leaning trees which might fall on the camp in the violent windstorms that occur frequently in the forest; also, a slight slope to the ground to prevent the camp from becoming swamped during rains.

Camps are moved every month or two because in that time game will have been scared away and local vegetation (fruits, fungi, and other vegetable foods) used up, and also (Putnam, 1948) because, as the Pygmies relieve themselves only a short distance from the camp, it will in that time become extremely malodorous and uncomfortable even by Pygmy standards.

HABITATIONS

A camp consists of one hut per family. The huts are built by the women, in just the same shape and manner as by all Ituri Mbuti, in a circle with doors facing toward the center. There are no bachelor huts or huts for unmarried girls or widows, and no ritual structures. The relation of the huts to one another in the

[NET HUNTERS] The relation of the huts to one another in the circle is dictated, as much as anything, by the friendship of the women. (Their gathering activities do not demand cooperation, but Putnam says that they help one another for company, forming work groups of two or more adult women.)

There are frequent visitors to these camps, including villagers who come to claim, trade, or buy meat from the Pygmies. If a villager chief comes, a special hut is built for him.

FURNITURE

The furnishings of a hut are similar to those described by Schebesta, and, like the archers, these net hunters keep their possessions to the minimum (Figs. 18–20). Leaves are used as furniture more frequently than either beds or stick chairs. The Pygmy will not sit on bare ground, and if a log is not available he will use a piece of bark or a leaf.

UTENSILS

Also as with the archers, utensils are largely borrowed or stolen from the villagers who make them (Fig. 21). The net hunters do not imitate their neighbors, however, to the extent of making mortars for themselves. If they possess mortars, they are extremely small, unlike the large ones described by Schebesta, which could not easily be carried from camp to camp by a

[P. 195-B]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 197-A]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS]

Relationships Between Bands

There is no account of formal relationships between different bands of net hunters. Informal relationships are created through inter-band visits. These visits may be made by individual Pygmies or by whole families and may be occasioned by the desire (particularly among womenfolk) to see relatives or to seek a spouse, or by some dispute leading to ostracism, or by trouble between the individual concerned and his villager patron. The visits, according to Putnam, may become permanent but normally last only two or three months, which would allow for one or two changes of camp. These visits are important with respect to the practice of exchange marriage and lineage exogamy (which may amount to exogamy of the hunting band, though among the net hunters less frequently than among the archers) as an important way of allowing marriageable couples to meet and become known to each other's families.

Occasionally two or even three bands join to form a single hunting unit. Under these circumstances each sets up separate but adjoining camps. If, as may happen though rarely, this association continues, the camps are moved closer to each other and finally become part of the same camp. In one of the final stages of the process of fusion, the two groups build their huts in the same clearing, but each as a distinct unit. Similarly, fission may be preceded by a gradual physical splitting of the camp. Each

[P. 228-D]

1: Turnbull E-4, 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Zaire FO1

P
628 [P.229-A]
478 change of camp may thus reveal significant
361 tendencies not only in interpersonal relations
578 but also in the composition of the band itself.
621

Relationships Between Mbuti and Villagers

P
177 Putnam had the advantage of being able to
571 observe the changes in composition of the Epulu
Z hunting band and its ties with neighboring vil-
563 lagers for more than two decades. As is stated
571 above, the relationship between the net hunters
and their villager neighbors is an individual and
strongly personal relationship, as described by
P Schebesta (p. 185). The effect is that of an in-
Z herited relationship, but inheritance is not the
[428] basis. The effect is maintained only by the close-
ness of the personal bonds of loyalty and affec-
tion. If these bonds are weakened through any
cause, there is nothing to stop the Pygmy from
changing his allegiance to another villager. It
Z may cause bad feeling between him and his pa-
[628] tron, but it primarily affects the relationship be-
tween the two villagers concerned.

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

A fourth factor might be added: While the net hunt quickly scares animals away from the area around the hunting camp, necessitating frequent changes of site, the archery technique neither depletes the game so quickly nor frightens it away. An archer band can therefore remain confined to a smaller area, near the village, while the net hunters sometimes must wander several days' march away from their patrons. The more nomadic group also has constantly fresh supplies of vegetable growth at its disposal, thus decreasing the need, which is apparently felt by the more settled archers, for plantation products.

Thus at once we can see the possible economic, social, and political implications of the difference in hunting technique and how these implications follow in fact.

Gathering occupies a similar position of social and economic importance in each type of community. It is regarded primarily as the work of women, though, wherever it calls for tree climbing, it is undertaken by men. Among

[P 244-D]

[P. 251-A]

ception is the ritual *makata* dance which is held only during the *nkumbi*.

Even in ordinary times, when a hunting band is visiting a village, it may come down to the main meeting place in the evening and dance. The villagers expect it and regard it as one of their forms of entertainment, though they say they consider the Pygmy dance barbaric. The Pygmy definitely fills the role of entertainer and is not infrequently called on by the villagers to dance.

When the two groups meet on both festive and ordinary occasions they keep apart from each other. There is no leisure activity in which they participate together, only a few ritual activities (which are discussed below). The Mbuti camp beside the village, on the edge of the plantation where the forest begins. This physical disposition of the two communities, which seems to be invariable throughout the Ituri, and general Pygmy behavior in the village may well symbolize the contiguous nature of the relationship between the two peoples, as opposed to any close symbiosis such as was alleged by Schebesta.

I: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Zaire FO1

[P.251-C]

general acceptance of villager superiority among the Mbuti, although some individuals may rarely seek to increase their status by emulating their villager neighbors. From general observation I would say that the hunting band tolerates an occasional marriage to a villager because of its economic and political advantages, to which they are very alive and of which they take full advantage when it suits them. They receive little payment for the girl they give (a fraction of what the villager would give another villager), but they consider that they then have a villager they can well and truly "eat."

P 582 186

P 2 [583] [439]

Ceremonial Attendant on Birth, Initiation, Marriage, and Death

All the areas of contact between the Mbuti and their villager neighbors so far mentioned have been in or near the village. This point is of no small importance. The Pygmies always make the move, make contact or break it, and they take care that, apart from occasional visits from villager individuals to their hunting camp, all contact takes place in the village. Also, the areas of contact so far described could all be explained away at a more or less superficial level. The degree to which trade and adoption of villager magical practices and beliefs actually affect the forest life of the Mbuti is bound to vary from band to band. But among the Epulu net hunters, at least, the points of contact described above have not affected their nomadic way of life unduly.

Z 563 177

P 179 62 361

1: Turnbull E-4.5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4 Mbuti

PLATE 29

A Hunting Camp, Epulu District, Central Ituri

361 184 571 a. A hunting camp is always near a stream, usually in a natural clearing. A small archer camp is often circular, but larger camps, such as those of the net hunters or of archers during communal hunts, are more often irregular, reflecting not clan or lineage divisions so much as personal preferences, friendships, and hostilities that have little to do with kinship considerations.

621 602 887 b. A family group, such as this considered itself to be, may well consist, as this does, of people linked not only by affinal connections but by the strongest bonds of friendship. The elder in the center is a widower, living with the hunter to his right, whose child he holds. Their relationship is that of distant affines, as is the elder's relationship with the other hunter, to his left (with wife and child) with whom he also sometimes lived. He thus formed a link between these two families, forming an effective subunit within the camp.

1, /Plate 29 appears on page 291--Analyst/

[p. 290]

361
342
139

/Plate 29-A/

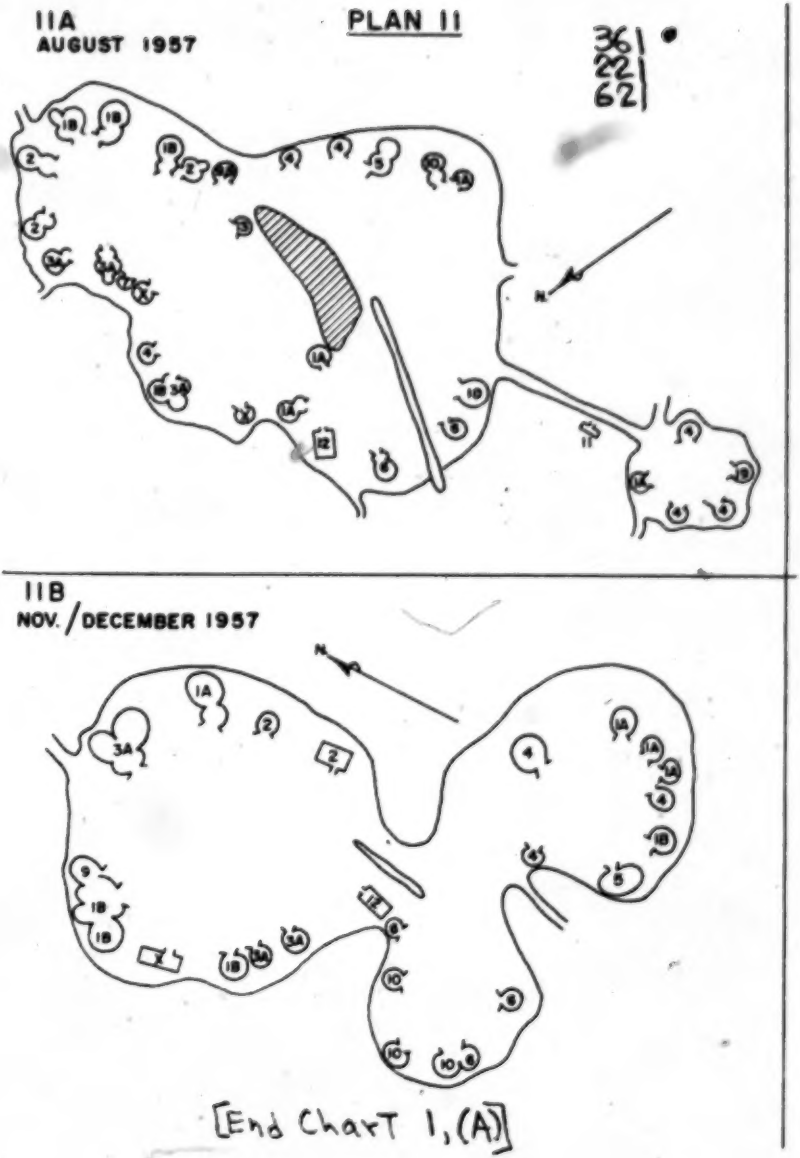
/Caption appears on p.290/

[P 291-A]

- 361
  221
  621

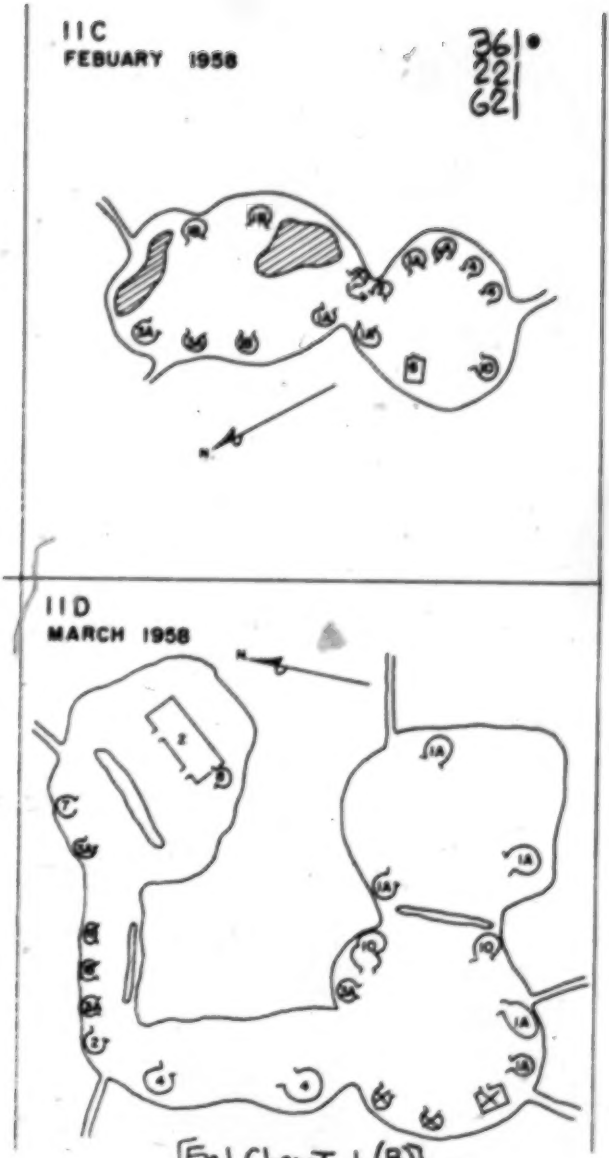
(A)	(B)	(C)	(D)	(E)

Chart of Positions of End Chart 1 (Plan 11).
[facing End Chart 1]

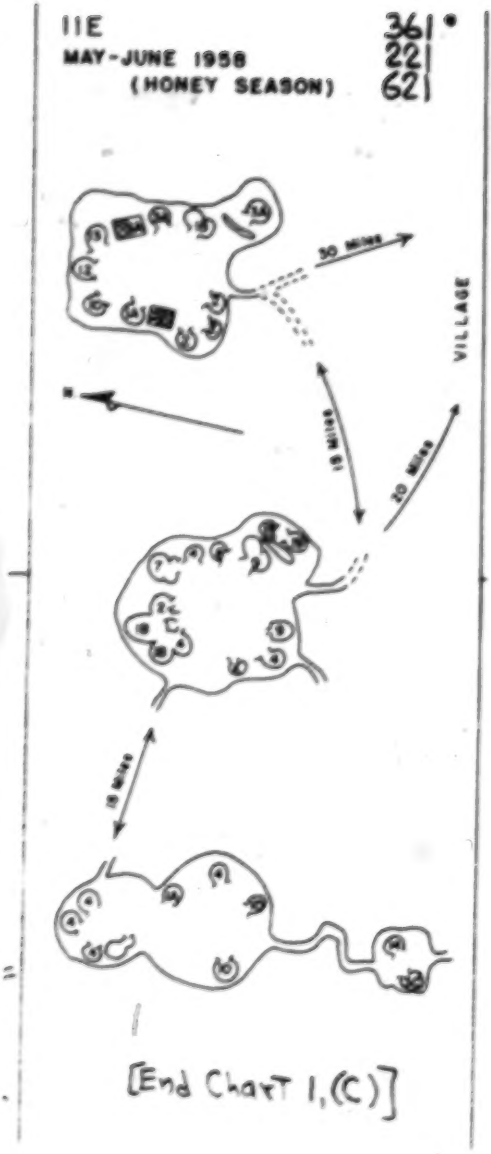


[End Chart 1, (A)]

2:Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

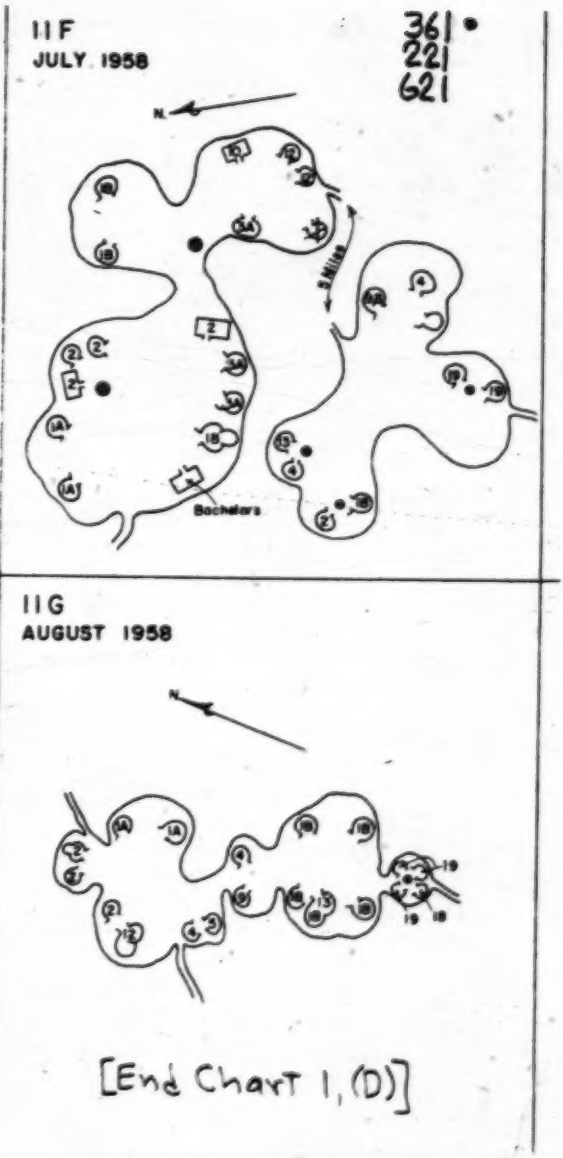


[End Chart 1,(B)]


IIE
MAY-JUNE 1958
(HONEY SEASON)
361
221
621
30 MILES
VILLAGE
15 MILES
20 MILES
15 MILES

[End Chart 1,(C)]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

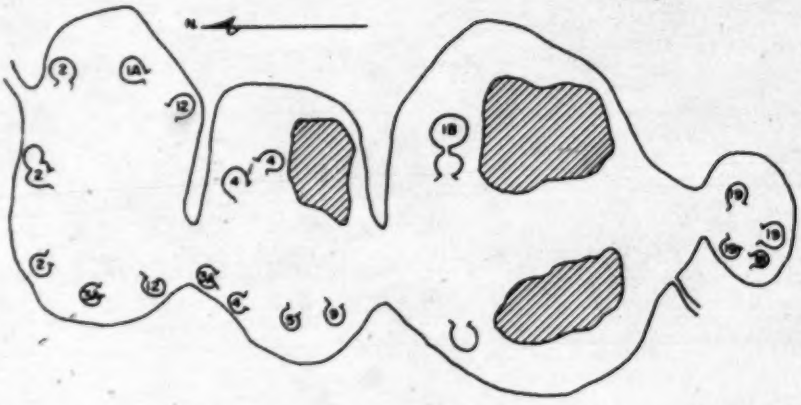


[End Chart 1, (D)]

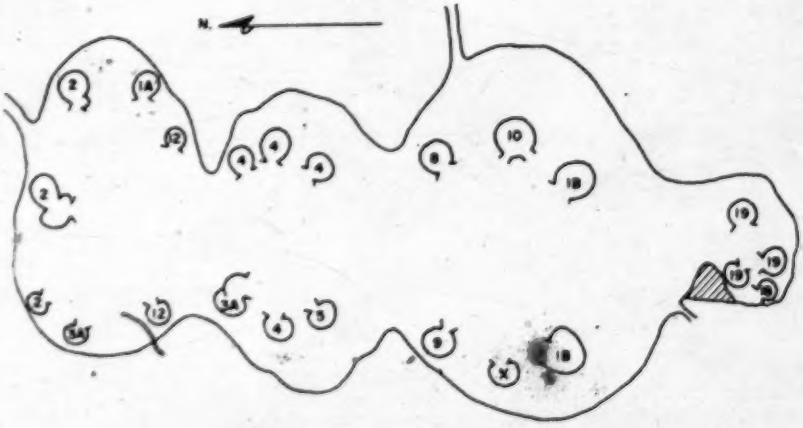
2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

II H
SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1958

361
221
621



II I
NOVEMBER 1958



[End Chart 1, (E)]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

The villagers, like the Mbuti, find themselves in a very personal relationship with the forest, but a very different one. The forest surrounds them on all sides, but they do not live in it or by it, only despite it. Their initial act is one of destruction, the cutting down of the forest to make way for village and plantation which in turn are destroyed in the final act. The hostility is mutual, as the villagers see it. They have to fight not only the forest itself, but also the creatures that live in it. Elephants, leopards, baboons and Mbuti, all are a menace to life and livelihood. A whole plantation can be destroyed in a few hours by even a modest sprinkling of elephants. The excessive and sometimes erratic rainfall can cause hunger for a whole season. Baboons and Mbuti come in the night and steal the ripening fruit. Leopards prey on the few scrawny goats and chickens the villagers manage to raise.

As for the Mbuti, so for the villagers is the forest an entity to be reckoned with, upon which life and death depend; it is also an entity that is natural and supernatural. But instead of acceding to the natural, the villagers with their superior technology combat it; and instead of respecting the supernatural in the sense that the Mbuti respect it, the villagers oppose it with fear, mistrust and occasional hate. They people the forest with evil spirits, and they fill their lives with magic, witchcraft and a belief in sorcery.

The forest achieves the establishment of two virtually irreconcilable systems of values. It further determines, for both Mbuti and villagers, a certain degree of nomadism, and it tends to fragment large populations into small, relatively isolated bands or villages. For the Mbuti the forest merely indicates natural boundaries, such as valleys, ridges, rivers, caves and so forth, within which a band can conveniently roam at will throughout the years, economically self-sufficient. Within that nomadic framework there is an enormous sense of permanence and of territory. But for the villagers the forest announces, at the end of every three years or so, that the village must pack up and move, it does not much matter where. The move will inevitably bring the village into renewed conflict with the forest, and may well bring it into conflict with a neighboring village which has also been forced to move. In spite of the vast size of the forest and its small population, the villagers are unwilling to go off entirely on their own. At the present time they move up and down the long road that connects Stanleyville with Irumu, or Wamba with Nia-Nia and Mambasa. Formerly it seems that villages were similarly stretched out along recognized trails, and seldom moved away from them. On any given trail, or road, the number of suitable sites for a semi-permanent village is limited, but fric-

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

tion between villages is due only in part to rivalry for territory. It is also due to suspicion of witchcraft and sorcery, a suspicion that seems to increase as the distance of separation decreases. This, of course, can also be interpreted as an expression of territorial friction, but it is conceived in personal rather than territorial terms, and is accompanied by a general dislike and mistrust of strangers.

Nor must we lose sight of the fact that whereas the Mbuti, even with their nomadism, in which hunting camps are shifted every month, have a strong sense of basic territorial permanence, the villagers have none, and this gives rise to further instability. To mention only one example, it is believed among the Bira that the dead should be buried according to a prescribed ritual, and that the grave should be cared for in a prescribed manner. The burial is always carried out but it is a constant source of conflict having to care for a grave that may be some miles away. Every time a village moves the villagers have to face the fact that they are abandoning their dead, to some extent, and they are unpleasantly reminded of the uncertainty of their own future. We do not know what the original burial practice was before the Bira moved into the forest; undoubtedly changes have been made, but they have not adequately met the new situation.

It is only in light of the relationship between each of these peoples and the environment in which they live that we can understand the relationship between the people themselves. It is in part ignorance of this factor that has led to the gross misunderstanding of Mbuti/Villager relationship, and indeed of Mbuti society itself. Before considering either the Mbuti or their relationship with the villagers, however, a certain amount of further ground-clearing is necessary.

MBUTI, BaMBUTI, BAMBUTI

A certain amount of confusion concerning the Mbuti arises out of conflicting terminology, some of it totally inapplicable or lacking in significance. First we have to be clear why we group together, under any one name, all the pygmy hunters of the Ituri Forest, even though they speak different languages and use different hunting techniques.

Racially, they are clearly one people, quite distinct from any of the surrounding Negro tribes. They form a strongly, visibly distinct unit. Culturally, they are equally distinguished from their neighbors as a unit, being hunters and gatherers, and not cultivators, with a consequently totally distinct social structure. Differences in hunting techniques do not affect the basic structural unity.

It is also possible to see Mbuti scrounging food from villagers other than their own *kpara* and, when not successful, simply stealing what they want. If they are caught they are scolded by their *kpara* and that is generally all. If more fuss is made than that, all the Mbuti are likely to pack up and return to the forest within hours. But whatever Mbuti may be seen engaged in whatever activity, they can be seen only as individuals in relationship to a particular villager at that particular moment, unrelated to other villagers and other Mbuti, unless they are included in the same activity. Only in the village camp of the Mbuti, usually at the edge of the plantation, do they form a society, but the interpersonal relationships observable even in a village camp bear little resemblance to relationships in the more strictly village context.

The situation becomes more understandable in light of the expressed Mbuti attitude to their own place in the village world. They refer to the village as being a place for good hunting and good eating. Hunting requires cunning, and particularly when dealing with a "tricky" animal such as the villager, say the Mbuti. The word for "trickery" means more than "clever," it has connotations of supernatural power. So the Mbuti, when hunting in the village, use appropriate tactics, just as they do in the forest. Carrying wood and fetching water, building houses and pounding manioc, are all part of those tactics, and may perhaps be likened to the net with which the Mbuti trap the forest animals.

This Mbuti attitude to the relationship not only fits with the theory that there is, in effect, no necessary economic interdependence, but it also fits well with the suggestion of *apparent* structural incompatibility. Mbuti talk of "eating" the villagers, and indeed the villagers also talk, with some asperity, of being eaten. In Mbuti thought, however, it is rather more literal than it may seem, for the villagers are not only referred to as animals, a common term of abuse, but they are considered as animals. And when one eats an animal one merely consumes its substance, one does not thereby assume its form or its pattern of behavior.

Even supposing that there was a necessary economic interdependence, the daily life of the village in no way reveals any sense of economic urgency. Even in times of crisis, such as the cotton harvest, powerful chiefs like Kachui may evidently find themselves deserted by the Mbuti and forced to make out on their own. But if there were a true economic dependence, then there would have to be a workable economic system, with an associated system of social control; and

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

		Male Members		*Female Members*	
Camp 3a –	in 26 huts, there were	13 lin.	5 tot.	9 lin.	6 tot.
3b –	22	10	5	10	6
3c –	22	12	5	11	5

When the band fragmented into small camps, the picture was not far different:

		Male Members		*Female Members*	
Camp 3d –	in 9 huts, there were	5 lin.	5 tot.	5 lin.	4 tot.
3e –	9	5	3	6	3
3f –	6	4	4	4	3
3g –	3	2	1	3	3

Apart from the totemic subdivisions of the Puemi and Bokelé, the lineages all intermarry freely and do not consider themselves related to each other in any way whatsoever other than as affines.

The camp plans (Plans 3a–g) indicate the extent to which the lineages maintained their separate identities in the above camps. If we consider the lineages of both the husband and wife, we can see a slight tendency for women to build the family huts so that men of the same lineage will be near each other. The significance of this is dubious, and the rest of camp life does not indicate lineage to be of any particular interest, although in disputes lineage members tend to support each other, but not necessarily.

With other bands of net-hunters and also with archers the situation seems similar, though there is some tendency, perhaps, for the lineage divisions to be more visible in archer camps (see Plans 4a–m). I was not able to stay long enough in these other camps to thoroughly verify the genealogies, however, or to observe what changes took place from camp to camp. The material is all the more interesting, nonetheless, in that in the first instance I was always told that the camp consisted of one "clan" (using the village terminology), yet they did not deny the possibility of marriage within that unit.[4] This is another indication of how difficult are the conditions of work among the Mbuti, when they are constantly using words that have definite and very specific significance when used by the villagers, but which may have a completely general and other meaning among the Mbuti. The

[4] "Clan" terminology is used freely by the Mbuti when talking to villagers. It is rarely used in the forest, and was used to me only in response to my genealogical inquiries.

A [see pages 340-345 -- Analyst]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

The figures for six net-hunter bands and seven archer bands, where I am most certain of the genealogies, are as follows:

		Total No. of Lineages	*Members* Male	Female
NET-HUNTERS				
In Camp 4a there were	28 huts,	10	5 lin.	9 lin.
4b	18	3	3	3
4c	16	5	5	5
4d	13	7	5	5
4e	11	5	4	3
4f	8	5	4	4
ARCHERS				
In Camp 4g there were	25 huts,	8	6 lin.	6 lin.
4h	11	3	2	3
4i	10	4	3	2
4j	10	6	4	4
4k	9	3	2	3
4l	6	3	2	2
4m	5	3	1	2

Owing to the difficulty of ascertaining the lineage membership of the women, the above figures, for them, are probably minimal. I also found it difficult to be certain of the totemic observances elsewhere than among the Epulu band, where I had ample opportunity for cross-checking, but the proportions elsewhere appeared similar—in any band you would expect to find each lineage sharing its totem with one other lineage. The plans of the above camps (Plans 4a–m)[1] indicate the possibility of greater lineage solidarity among the archers, if we are to judge by the disposition of the huts, but the significance of the lineage did not appear much different. Structurally it seemed of little importance.

We cannot arrive at any immediate conclusions from these examples of camp composition beyond the Epulu, but drawn as they are from bands selected for study at random, at the extremities of the forest as well as in its center, they at least indicate that the Epulu situation is not unique. Returning to the Epulu band, then, we are left with the fact that even a cursory glance indicates clearly a certain lack of lineage interest as manifest in the physical arrangement of the hunting camps. It certainly indicates that the band as a whole in no way and at no time resembles a patrilineage in its composition. With

[1] [see pages 346-351 -- Analyst]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

this in mind we shall go on to discover the nature and extent of lineage participation in band activity, but the nonlineal nature of the corporate unit—i.e., the band or sub-band—has first to be examined in another context.

FRAGMENTATION, FISSION AND FUSION

We have already mentioned that the band may be large or small, that it may be established in a single large camp or in a number of smaller camps. In examining the process of fission and fusion, it is plain that lineage considerations are by no means paramount, but that, if anything, there is some effort to maintain nonlineal composition even in the smaller camps. That is to say, there is at least a consciousness of lineage and an apparently felt need to maintain some kind of balance between lineages. Whereas the process of fission and fusion—the division of the band into small segments, each with its own hunting camp within the hunting territory, and the eventual realignment of the band as a single unit—is systematic, it is not without an element of the less systematic process of fragmentation that takes place within any single camp, large or small, and which starts the day the camp is first established.

The whole shifting complex is best understood by looking at the camp plans at the end of the book. As each hut represents a married couple with or without unmarried children, Plans 5 and 6,[1] respectively, show the lineage groupings according to male and female membership for the camp named *apa* Lelo. *Apa* Lelo was one of the larger camps and is as typical as any. Plan 7[2] shows the significant changes made in the direction in which the huts faced as the camp took shape, day by day.

On looking at Plans 5 and 6 it is evident that not only does the shape of the natural clearing lend itself to the division of the camp into sections, but that these sections show as much consideration for affinal as for consanguineal ties. Plan 7 shows how the natural divisions offered by the clearing were made plainer by the addition of screens to hut entrances, or by rebuilding huts so as to face them in different directions. The fallen tree trunk and a clump of undergrowth are also utilized, and in other camps such undergrowth was eventually cleared if the reason for making use of it disappeared.

When we examine the camp, section by section, it will be seen again that lineage is only one of many factors in determining the social groupings within the camp.

1, 2 [see pages 355-357 respectively -- Analyst]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

social groupings within the camp. Plan 8[A] offers a dramatic example of the kind of major change that can take place in any one camp, and of the kind of change that may lead to ultimate fission, and that is certainly likely to determine one of the lines of cleavage when fission does take place. The change was brought about by the arrival of a controversial sometime member of the band, Cephu.[5]

The camp was already settled at optimum-to-maximum size when, on the fifth day, Cephu arrived. He used to migrate from his natal band to this one, and was not overly welcome in either. He arrived by stealth with his father's brother's son, and their families pitched their belongings in a small clearing near the main camp. They were joined by a member of the important Puemi clan of the main camp, whose wife was friendly with Cephu's womenfolk. Their camp established, they opened a trail leading directly into the main camp. The various reactions, seen in Plan 7, effected a consolidation of the southwest corner of the main camp and caused a rift between two sets of brothers: M and N (N having joined Cephu while M pointedly rebuilt a new hut in the main camp), and D and I, D setting up with Cephu, his brother I and nephew J refusing to leave the main camp and join him.

Even more important, the consolidation of the southwest and, to some extent, the southeast corner of the main camp involved the southward realignment of S, T and U, S and U being highly influential elders, T being one of the greatest hunters. T and U were members of one section of the dominant Puemi clan, the other section being localized in the north part of the camp.

Plans 9 and 10[B] illustrate the rather more radical change that may take place, effecting a temporary consolidation of lineages. Such changes within a camp are extremely rare however—in this case the consolidation was of the lineages concerned in a vital dispute against one of their members, the same controversial Cephu guilty of a serious hunting crime. Table 4 gives the relevant kinship structure for this particular camp, and Table 5 gives the complete list of lineages, as far as I could trace them, with indications as to which individuals were effective members of the Epulu band during the year.[C]

[5] I use personal names that were used in the forest, though some Mbuti use different names when in the village. It is perhaps significant that Cephu is a common name among the ill-considered Ngwana, and that Cephu's children were also mostly known by villager names or even by European names, such as "Teresa," currently in vogue among the villagers. Any one Mbuti might be known by as many as four names, certainly two or three. The names used here correspond to those used elsewhere (Turnbull, 1961) from which source some additional information on the personalities involved may be gleaned.

A, B [see pages 358-359 respectively -- Analyst]

C [see pages 393 A-F; 326 -- Analyst]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
/Mbuti

361 When the camp is first set up, the framework of the huts is com-
342 pleted, but they are probably only partly roofed. The greater the
621 distance between camps, the later the band arrives and the less opportunity there is to complete the building that day. Sometimes shelter is sought overnight at an old camp site on the way. But however advanced the work may be on the first day, subtle changes take place for the next two days, during which time lagging members of the band will have arrived.

342 The first to reach the site choose any location they wish for their
621 family hut, the choice being left almost entirely to the women. Men,
476 women and children co-operate in the necessary work of clearing and
462 of cutting and collecting the saplings and phrynium roofing leaves (*mongongo*). Women build the huts, sharing the supply of saplings and leaves as necessary, and helping each other with the building if darkness is approaching or if rain threatens. Such help seems to fol-
[672 low lines of friendship rather than of kinship, as does the grouping
314 of the huts themselves.
613]

361 For instance, the tight cluster at the north end of the camp (Plans
621 5 and 7) was brought about because of the death of Balekimito, an
613 old and respected lady who was a member of the Puemi/leopard lin-
765 eage, but married into the Bomasua/buffalo lineage. Both lineages were jointly holding the *molimo* festival for the dead lady, and the *kumamolimo* (*molimo* hearth) was placed in the center of their rather exclusive cluster. The presence of two male and two female members of another lineage, the Bokelé/buffalo, should be noted, however, as an instance of the strength of affinal ties (the same thing being evident at the southern end of the camp).

361 However, the Puemi and the Bokelé were the only ones in that
621 part of the camp to arrive on the first day. They built their huts facing
593 equally toward each other and toward the *kumamolimo*. When
595 Ekianga, member of the Bomasua and son of the dead lady, arrived
613 the next day with two of his three wives, there was an immediate change in all the huts. When Amabosu (β) saw Ekianga (B) occupy the hut built by his youngest wife, Amabosu's sister, he took action. His own wife, who was Ekianga's sister, built an extension to the house facing it almost directly away from her brother, looking right into the entrance to the hut of Ausu (α), her husband's kinsman. The reason was that Amabosu felt Ekianga should not be sleeping with his youngest wife at that time, and wanted to show his displeasure. Ausu, not wanting to take sides, carefully projected the

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

entrance to his hut so that it no longer looked directly at Amabosu's, which would have been taken as indicating extreme intimacy, but instead faced narrowly across to the hut of his wife's uncle (C), Masisi; Masisi's son's wife (D), who was not only kin to Ekianga's young wife but close friends with her, promptly added to her hut, despite her husband's protests, and faced it boldly toward Ekianga. Ekianga's young wife, Kamaikan, responded the next day by facing her hut in the direction of her friend, at the same time deflecting it away from her co-wife's hut, Arobanai (A), next door. Arobanai had on the day of her arrival made an addition facing toward Kamaikan as a conciliatory gesture, but in face of this rebuff she turned the entrance of her hut away again. Meanwhile Masisi's lineal cousin, Manyalibo, made no effort to enter the dispute, but rather turned slightly toward the rest of the camp. Masisi contented himself with completing the entrance to his hut on the second day, leaving it facing the way it was. An extension he built several days later, as did Ausu, was merely to provide separate accommodation for young girls who were approaching puberty.

In the rest of the camp similar petty jealousies and hostilities brought about similar clusterings. Njobo (W-1A), for instance, was an unusually dominating personality, and was consequently accorded, or took, the position of *capita*, representing the band in all matters concerning the village. But he was unwise enough to try and assert the same authority in the forest, and the over-all layout of the camp shows clearly how he and his sister's son, Asuku (W-3A), whom he favored, were ostracized. His wife Masamba (X) built my hut for me, as women sometimes do for adult bachelor kinsmen, to one side, and another hut for strangers on the other side. Maipé (G), the son of another of Njobo's sisters, was the only one to allow his hut to remain facing toward Njobo. After Njobo had left, Nikiabo (H) joined the camp and Masamba built his hut for him, facing toward her own, saying she needed a friend. Makubasi (U), a prominent hunter and a member of the same clan as Njobo, but of a different lineage, turned his hut away on the second day, isolating Njobo in the middle of the clearing. At this, Njobo and his nephew, Asuku, joined their huts together, using only one entrance facing across to Njobo's other nephew, Maipé. When Makubasi's father, Tungana (T), arrived on the third day, he built his hut so that one entrance nominally faced toward Njobo, but it was generally covered and the other entrance faced clearly into the southwestern section of the camp.

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

Arriving on the same day as old Tungana came Moké, who built a large rectangular hut (S) in the center of Tungana's section. The two men claimed kinship with each other, Tungana allegedly having on his mother's side the same great-grandfather as Moké. Endeku, who was a son-in-law of Moké, was also a renowned clown, and the hut he built was wide open on two sides, so that it was little more than a roof. It stood close to Moké's hut and was an effective link between that cluster and the southern cluster, which included some members of Cephu's sub-band. Endeku's hearth became a gathering place for the southern part of the camp, just as the *kumamolimo* did for the north. Njobo and Asuku were received politely at either, but not with any enthusiasm. When Njelu and Betuli (M and L) arrived on the second day and, because of their mutual affinal relationship, built their huts close together, their neighbor Masimongo (K) turned his hut away for no evident reason at all. Betuli reacted by turning his back on Masimongo, joining his hut to Njelu's. One day later Njelu built a new hut a few yards away, still facing it toward Betuli, however. He said he did not like his "sister" so close to him. Actually, Betuli's wife was of the same clan as Njelu, but of a different lineage. Although Njelu's wife, kin of Pangia (P) and Betuli, had left him, Njelu always preferred to move and camp with his affines, even though they usually camped with Cephu, who was somewhat in conflict with Njelu's own, Puemi clan. At the time the camp was built, Cephu was not present, but most of the Cephu sub-band members occupied the southern part of *apa* Lelo together. With them were Kelemoké and Masalito (J and I), who were members of Cephu's own lineage, but who preferred to camp with the main camp, whereas Cephu usually made a sub-camp of his own.

When Cephu arrived, three days after the establishment of the main camp, he built a camp (Plan 8) of his own a short distance away, then connected it to the main camp by a narrow trail. The trail leading from the sub-camp to the village was closed after some protest, as it effectively offered a second point of entry to the main camp from the village, through Cephu's camp. In the same camp as Cephu (FF) were two others—his kinsman, Masalito's older brother Abeli (DD), and Njelu's older brother, Toko (BB), who moved from the main camp the moment Cephu arrived. For some reason, at this point, Njelu moved back to his old hut adjoining Betuli. It was only a few yards further from Cephu's camp, but it was a significant few yards. Njelu and Toko had married two patrilineal cousins, so Toko's

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

wife was, like Pangia and Betuli, a member of the lineage that normally associated with Cephu. Three days later, however, two more female kinsmen of Toko arrived, also members of the rival Puemi/chimpanzee lineage, and they too joined Cephu's camp. The two camps had effectively divided two sets of brothers, indicating much more sharply than the more subtle divisions within the main camp the extent to which lineage values may be counteracted and even superseded by other values.

In the following chapters we shall see more of the kind of petty disputes and hostilities that bring about this shifting of alliances, and the gradual fragmentation of a camp into distinct sections. It should suffice for the moment to have this one example of a single camp in a state of flux from the first day of its existence, and to know that this flux, whatever its cause, cut directly across unilineal descent groupings as conceived by the villagers.

Apart from the personal, unpredictable causes for constantly changing alliances, there are other factors that can always be relied on to introduce change into a camp, cutting across unilineal descent lines and causing further change in its balance. Visits from affines and to affines are one such factor; such visits sometimes become permanent, as can be seen in the composition of this particular band. Visits to neighboring villages may also affect the balance of its internal sections as, apart from the major co-operative activity of the hunt, there are other activities calling for co-operation of only a few people, and such smaller co-operative units almost invariably fall within the sections that divide the camp. If a section becomes depleted because some of its members have gone visiting, it may be forced to co-operate with another section in activities such as gathering, collecting firewood and building materials, repairing nets, and so forth.

Not having seen an archer *begbe* beat-hunt camp, which approximates in size, as in hunting technique, to the normal net-hunting camp, I can supply no material for comparison of the process of fragmentation. The smaller, and for the archers more normal, camps are similar, however, and exhibit the same tendencies but with less emphasis. This may possibly be related to the fact that the smaller camps involve food-getting technologies that do not call for large-scale co-operation, but which demand the co-operation of two or three adults. Thus such divisions as may appear on the formation of such a camp tend to be rather more stable, and with the archers they are certainly

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[224
184] more related to the demands of economic co-operation than to any other factor.

But however stable a camp may become after the initial fragmentation, that fragmentation is but an indication of the more systematic processes of fission or fusion that come into play each time a camp moves. Plan 11[1] gives the layouts of each camp built by the Epulu band for a period of over a year, and the cyclic process is quite clear. For the net-hunters a large camp is normally advantageous, although beyond a certain point a net-hunt becomes unwieldy. But once a year comes the honey season, when hunting is of secondary importance, and it is more advantageous for the band to be split into two or more sub-camps, thus tapping the territory's honey resources more effectively.

[621]
[622]

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621
578 The series of camp plans shown indicates how the process of fragmentation as observed at work within *apa* Lelo is continued and sharpened with the building of each new camp. Sites are even chosen because they afford greater privacy between the various sections, thus minimizing any serious disputes that are in progress. Some interpersonal hostilities will persist, however, and it is these and not lineal relationships that are reflected in the final fission, when the camp divides into a number of independent camps, or sub-bands, each going its own way. If the dispute is serious, one or another sub-band may go off to another territory, and seek to join up with that band. This was in fact Cephu's situation. During the honey season he left the Epulu territory and went back to his home territory to claim his honey trees. But that territory was occupied by a large band where Cephu's hunting chances were no greater than those of anyone else, and this was not to Cephu's liking. Cephu tried to carve out a territory for himself, between his own band and the Epulu band, but he was always being forced by sheer economics to join the one or the other. He could never induce enough men to camp with him to set up an effective independent net-hunt. For this a minimum of seven is generally required, and Cephu could seldom raise above six.

[224]

So the monthly change of camp is an opportunity not only for a diplomatic rearrangement of the layout, minimizing latent hostilities, but it is also an opportunity for improving the economic strength of the band by either adding to it or subtracting from it.

The honey season itself is a last opportunity for old hostilities to fade away, and the complete separation of the sub-bands into camps many miles apart generally resolves most sources of friction. If dis-

[221]

[1] [see pages 392 A-D -- Analyst]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

agreement persists, however, then when the honey season ends and the band is forced to resume net-hunting, and therefore has to rejoin its forces in the common interest of an effective net-hunt, one or another of the dissident segments will join up with another band in another territory. It is said that it would not stay within the same territory and hunt there, even if it were numerically strong enough.

Thus we can say that the composition of each camp is ad hoc, responding to the needs of the moment rather than to any preconceived plan, or to any notion derived from tradition. The lines of division are never the same; the reasons for division are nearly always personal. The system does not lie here, then, but rather in the economy, which favors a unified camp for the major part of the year and a divided camp for a brief two months or so. The complete break and freedom of separate association allowed by the honey season (which is also a particularly bountiful season as far as vegetable foods are concerned) is, in fact, what makes practical this otherwise apparently unsystematic flux. That the flux has a function we shall shortly see.

For the archers much the same process pertains. The economics work in reverse, however, for the *begbe* season is made an occasion for the entire band to gather together. Normally, throughout the year, the band is divided into three or four small sub-bands, all within their common territory. Tracking and ambushing and using the bow and arrow do not call for co-operation among more than two or three or four men. A large camp of, say, twenty-four men would then have at least six hunting parties setting off each day, and this would necessarily mean frequent changes of camp. A small camp, however, sending out two parties in opposite directions, can remain in the same area for a long time without scaring the game away. There are few occasions for members of different sub-bands to get together during this time, except for casual visits. Once a year the whole band unites, however, for the communal beat-hunt known as *begbe*. The mechanism for convening the whole band and the exact time of year this takes place, if there is a special time of year, are not clear either in the literature or from my own records. Each archer band I visited, however, assured me that it was near the honey season, and I suspect before the honey season.

However, the essential remains the same. Among the archers, as among the net-hunters, there is a process of fission followed by fusion —or perhaps, in the case of the archers, it would be better to say there is a process of fusion followed by fission. We now have to try and

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

THE VILLAGE WORLD

[P.108-A]

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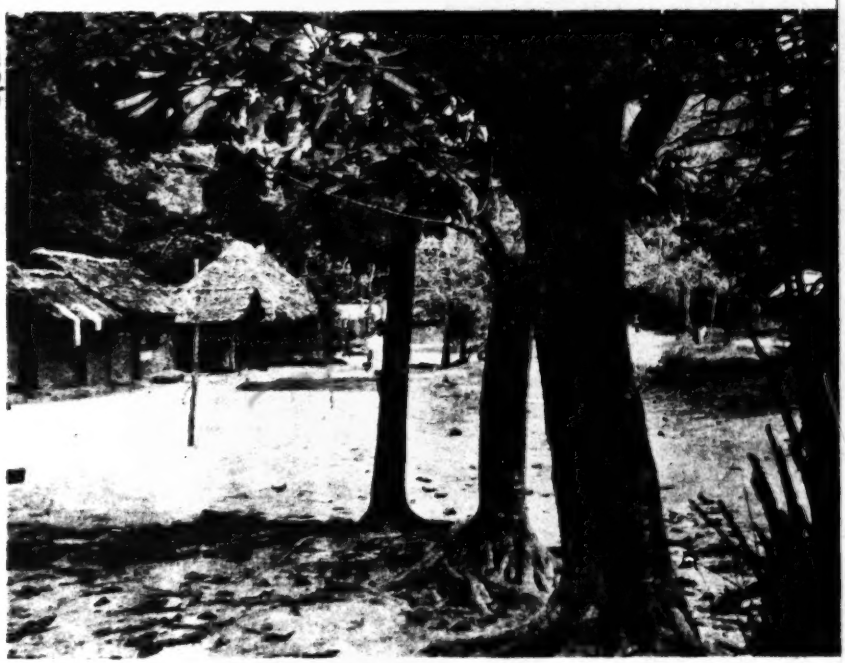

1. The village of Epulu, shady but constantly threatened by the encroachments of the forest.

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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[P.108-G]

8. This village camp of the Mbuti at Epulu was built in imitation of the main village. It soon became fouled and was abandoned, succeeding village camps being built in the forest at the edge of the plantations.

[P.108-H]

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344
352
142
291
516

9. The Mbuti village baraza was never completed, and remained marked only by four posts.

142
516
412
415
853
482

10. While in the village camp, an Mbuti mother borrows or steals many luxuries too bulky or heavy to carry with her into the forest. Of the mortar and pestle, stool, metal cooking vessels, enamel bowls and bottle of palm oil, she will probably return to the forest with only one vessel.

[P. 156-A]
THE FOREST WORLD

361
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17. A forest camp (a corner of apa Lelo) is far removed from the dust and dirt and heat of the village. When the Mbuti tire of the village, they can escape to the forest and build a camp such as this in a matter of a few hours.

[166]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[P.156-B]

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[595]

18. Apa Kadiketu, showing Ekianga's village-style hut, where he lived with his controversial youngest wife.[1]

[1][see pages 102-103 -- Analyst]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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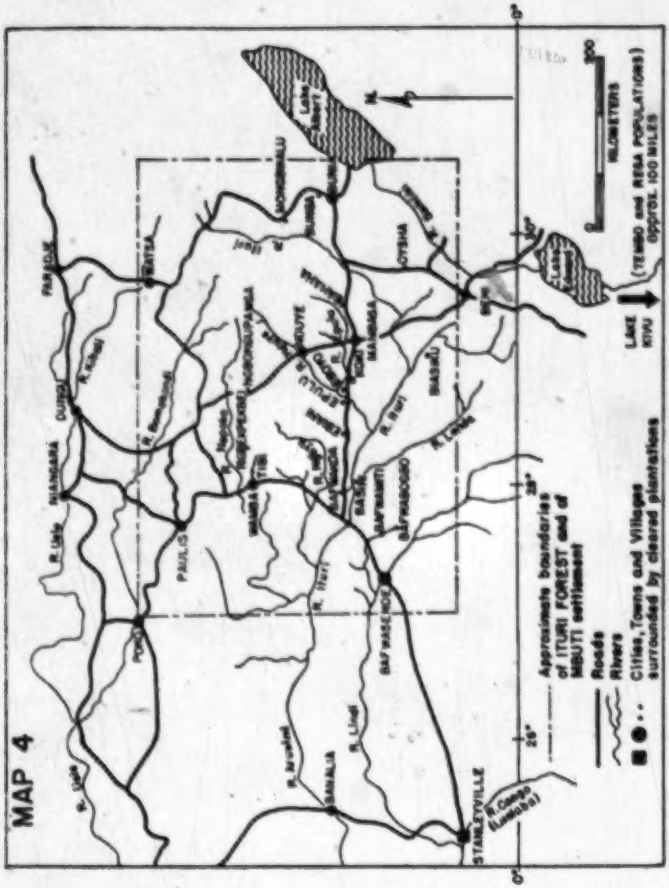

Boundaries of Ituri Forest and of Mbuti settlement.

C
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*177
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• 361
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Plan Ib

EPULU VILLAGE

Camp of Pygmies
(About twice scale of Plan Ia)

CLAN MEMBERSHIP
(Numbers inside huts)

1A	PUEMI	1
1B	PUEMI	2
2	BOMASUA	
3A	BOKELE	1
3B	BOKELE	2
3C	BOKELE	3
4	BAMBAKA	
5	BWANGO	
6	UNGBAUSU	
7	MEKI	
8	POKBAYA	
9	POKAMA	
10	POTEBA	
11	NGAMO	
12	BANDOHWA	

Letters inside huts indicate barter-relationship with correspondingly lettered hut in village (Plan Ia).

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

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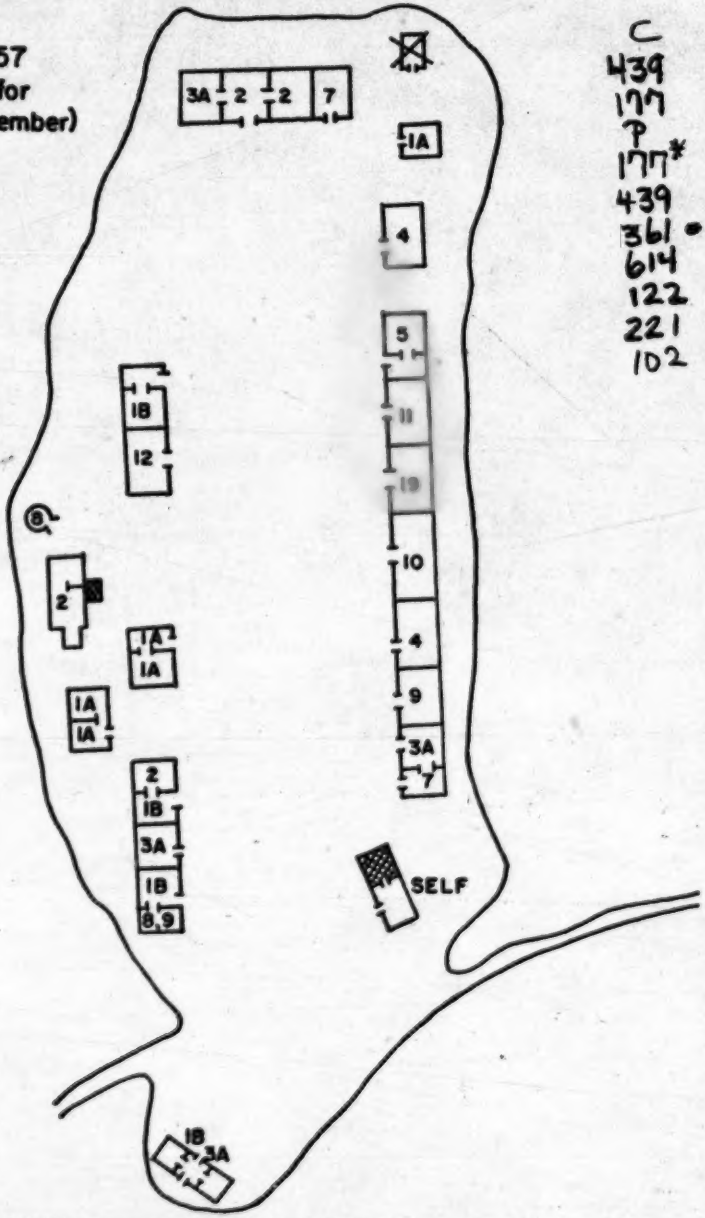
Plan 2a
OCTOBER 1957
(See Plan 1B for
August-September)



PLAN 2a–d *Village camp of Epulu Mbuti, October 1957–March 1958.*

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

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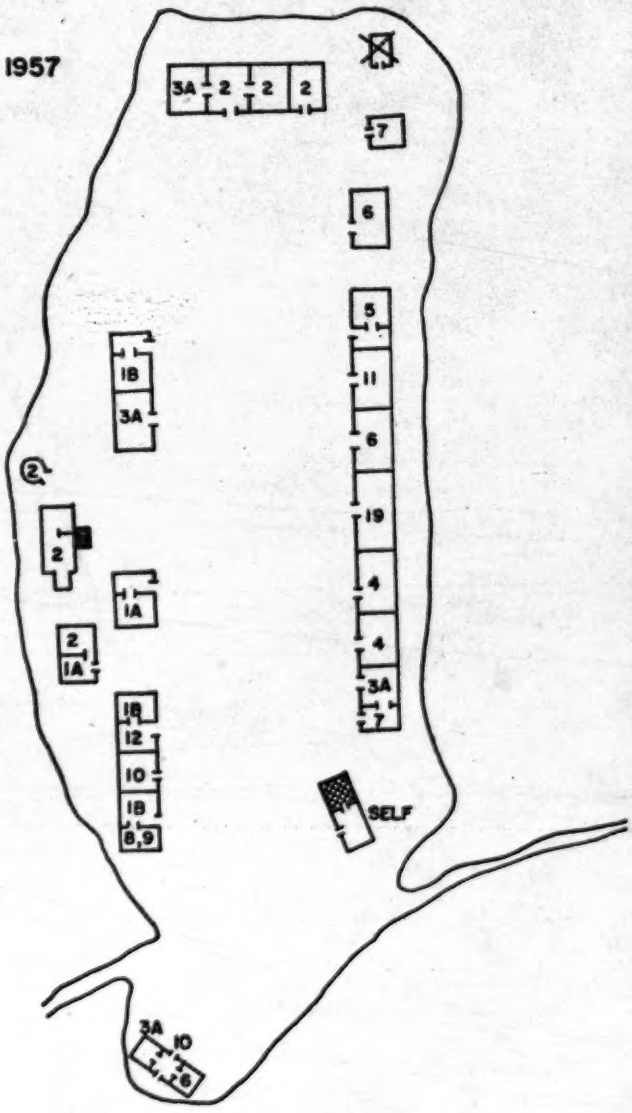
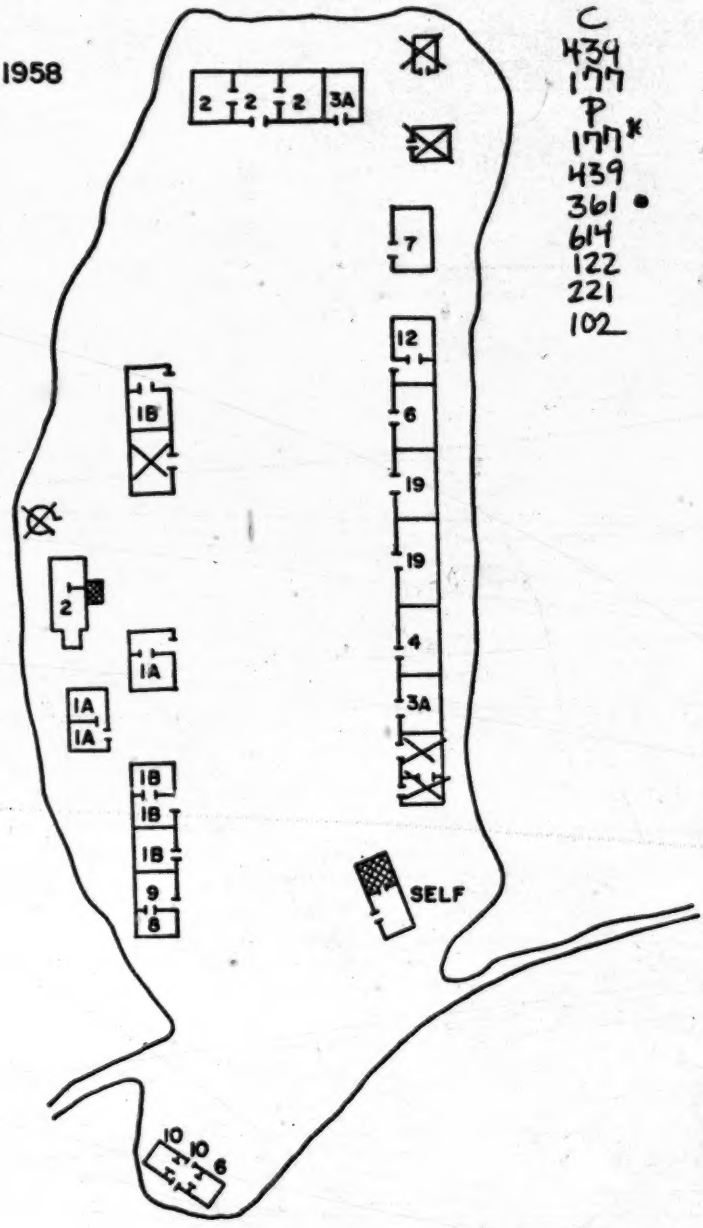
Plan 2b
DECEMBER 1957



2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

Plan 2c
FEBRUARY 1958



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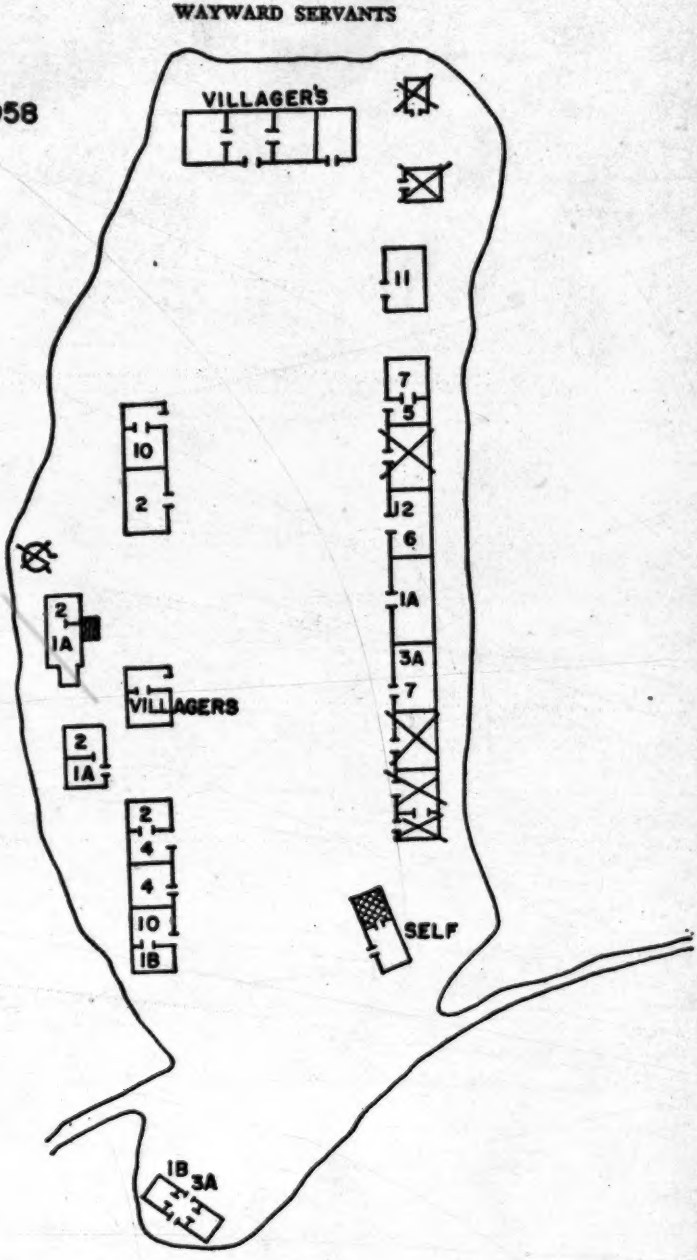
Plan 2d

MARCH 1958



2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies: FO4
Mbuti

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Plan 3a-g·KEY

= Baraza (meeting veranda)

= Hut

= Abandoned hut

= Living but not in camp

= Hearth, used by more than one nuclear family

= Brush and tree trunks that effectively divide a camp

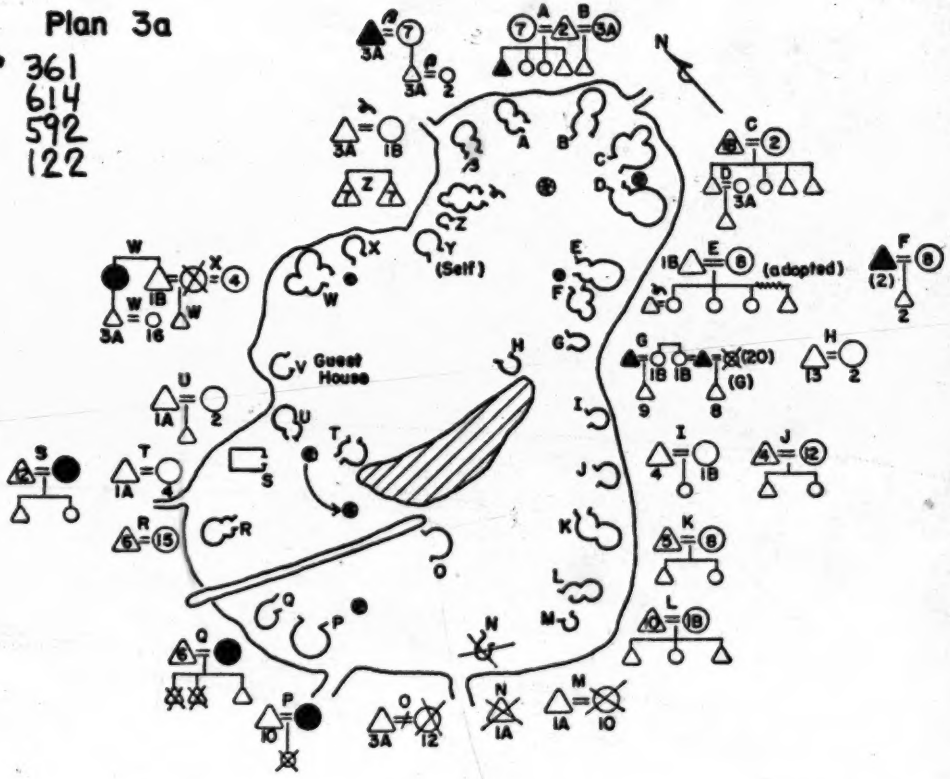
	CLAN	TOTEM		CLAN	TOTEM
1A,1B	PUEMI	2	11	NGAMO	1
2	BOMASUA	1	12	BANDOHWA	2
3A,B,C	BOKELÉ	3,1,6	13	POYA	4
4	BAMBAKA	6	14	MOLOMBA	4
5	BWANGO	1	15	POTOLA	1
6	UNGBAUSU	2	16	PASAMA	5
7	MEKI	4	17	PONGWANA	2
8	POKBAYA	1	18	PUKENA	1
9	POKAMA	6	19	PUSA	7
10	POTEBA	1	20	PUMA	4

TOTEMS: 1 LEOPARD
2 CHIMPANZEE
3 BUFFALO
4 SNAKE
5, 6, 7 } Different kinds of rare antelope

/Epulu band/

Plan 3a

361
614
592
122



PLAN 3a–g *Composition of hunting camps cited p. 98 for large and small camps of Epulu band.*

/Epulu band/

361
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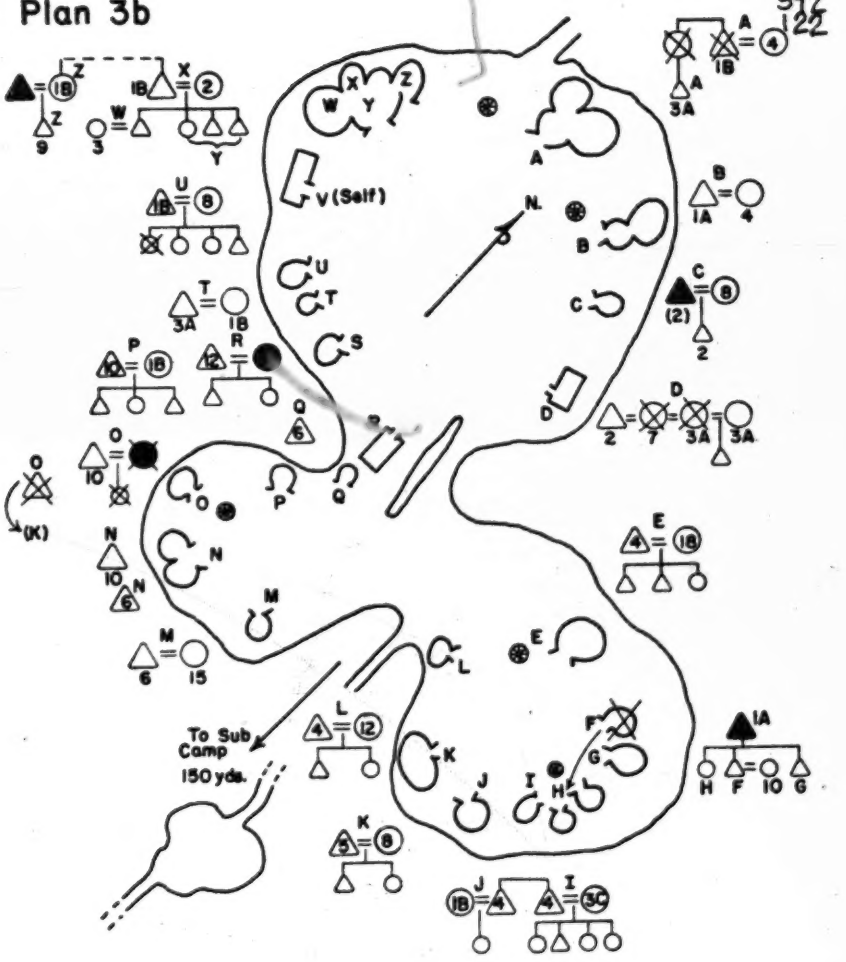
592
122

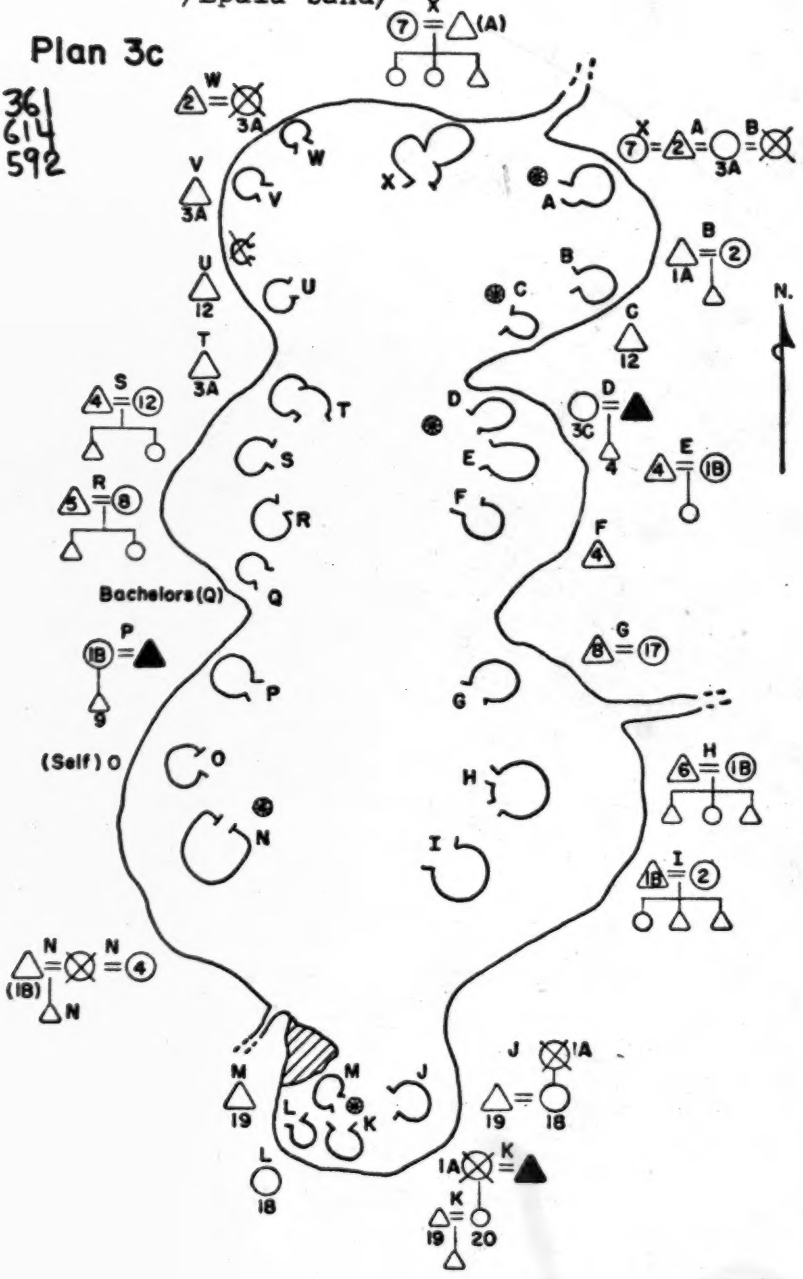
Plan 3b



/Epulu band/

Plan 3c

• 361
614
592



2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

/Epulu band/

[P. 343]

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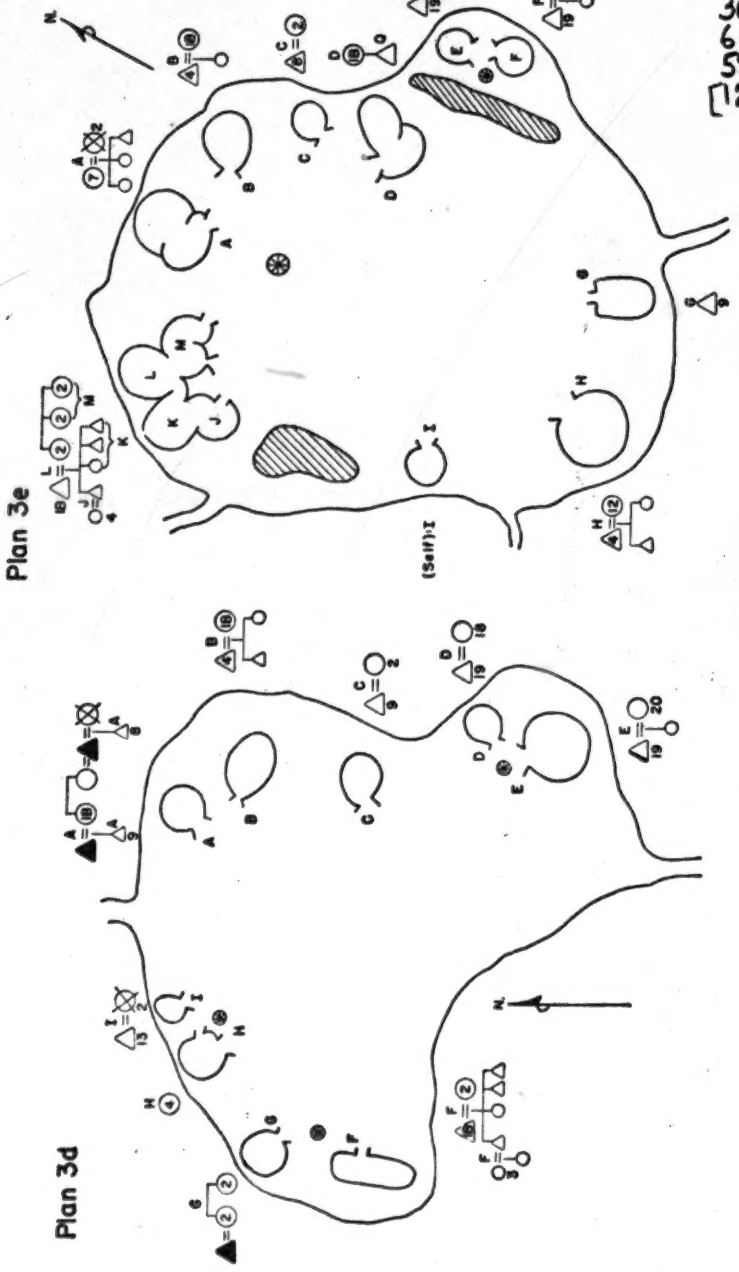
[122]



/Epulu band/

Plan 3f

• 361
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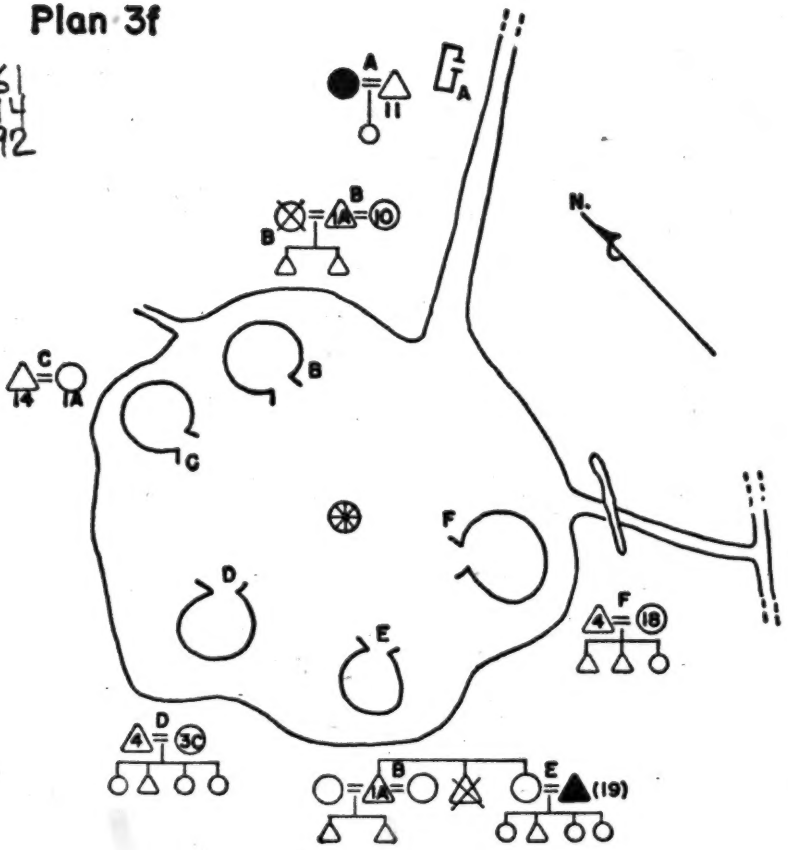
592



/Epulu band/

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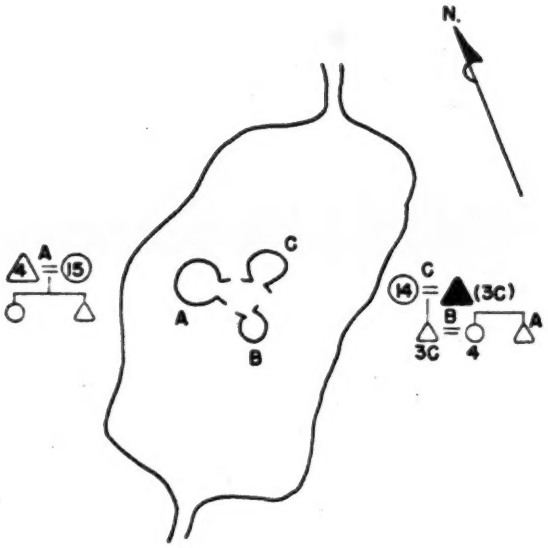
Plan 3g

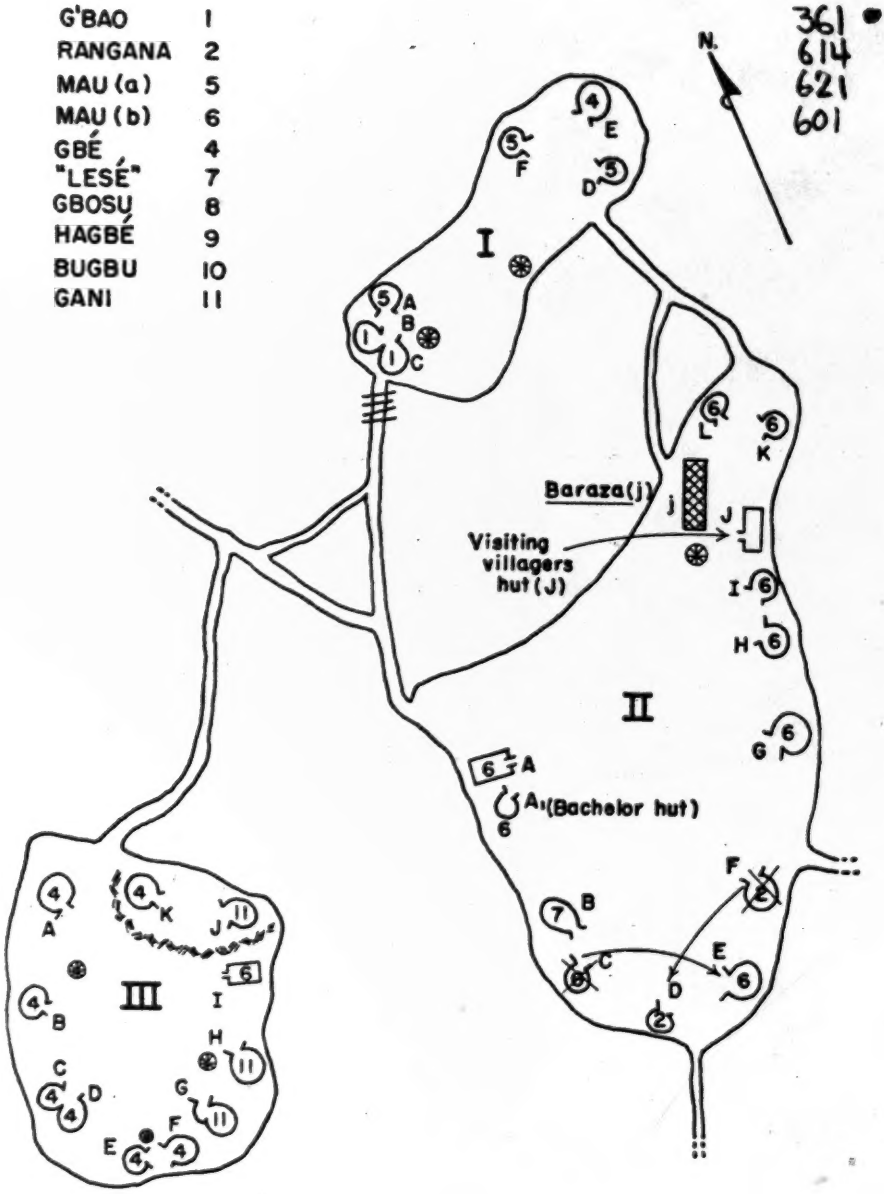


[P.346]

Plan 4a

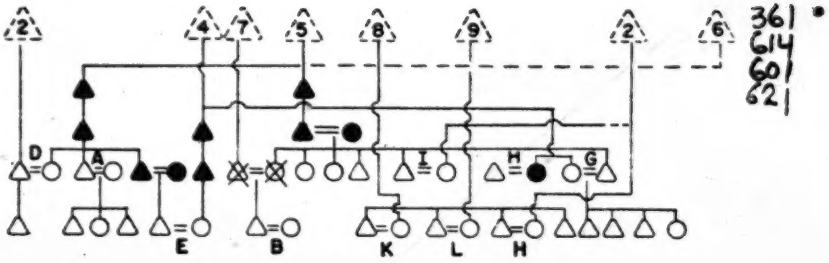
G'BAO	1
RANGANA	2
MAU (a)	5
MAU (b)	6
GBÉ	4
"LESÉ"	7
GBOSU	8
HAGBÉ	9
BUGBU	10
GANI	11

361
614
621
601



[R 347]

I



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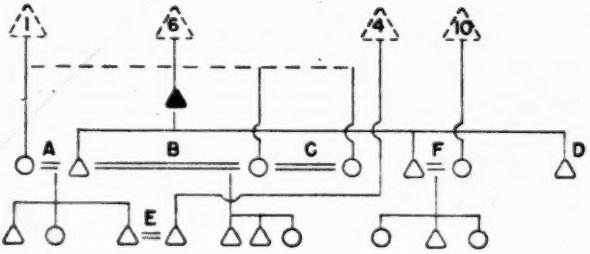
II



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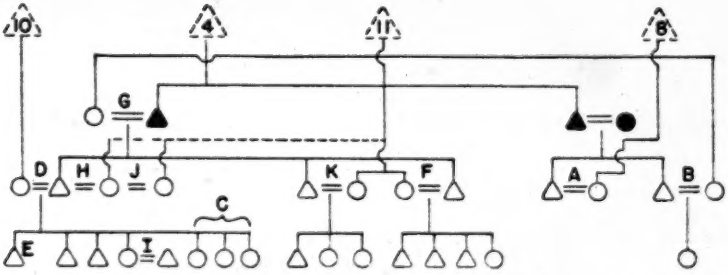

PLAN 4a–m *Hunting camps of net-hunters and archers other than at Epulu, showing composition.*

36
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614
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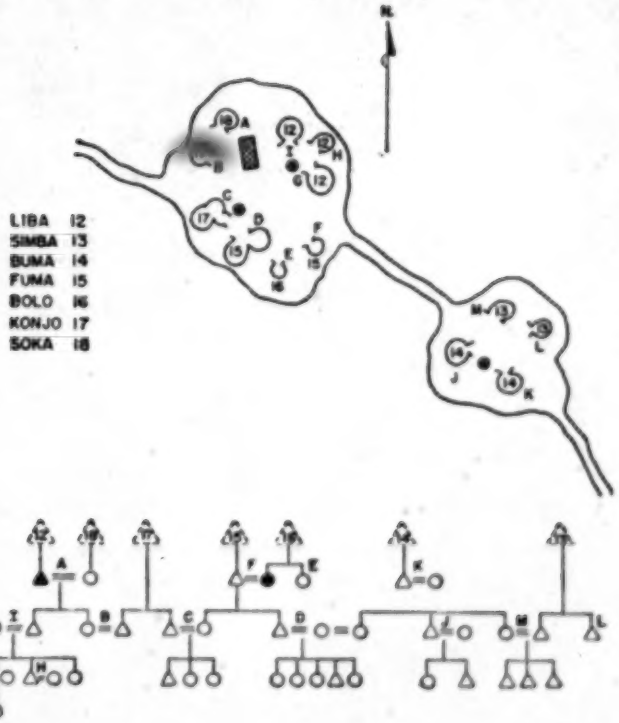
[P.348]

Plan 4b

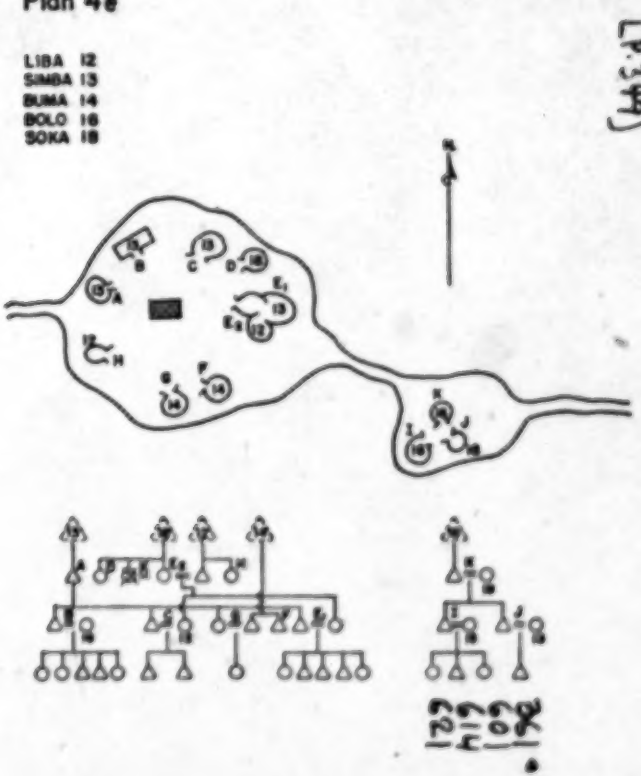
Plan 4c

[P.346]

Plan 4d



Plan 4e



Plan 4f

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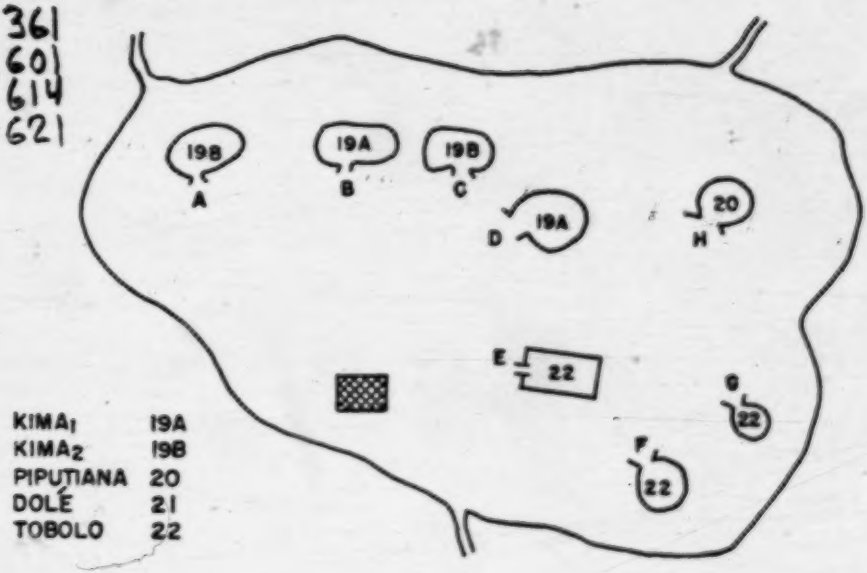

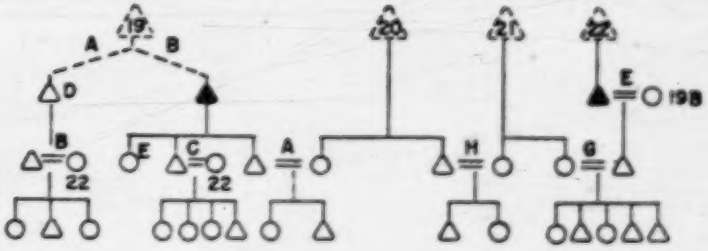

2: Tumbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

Plan 4g

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601
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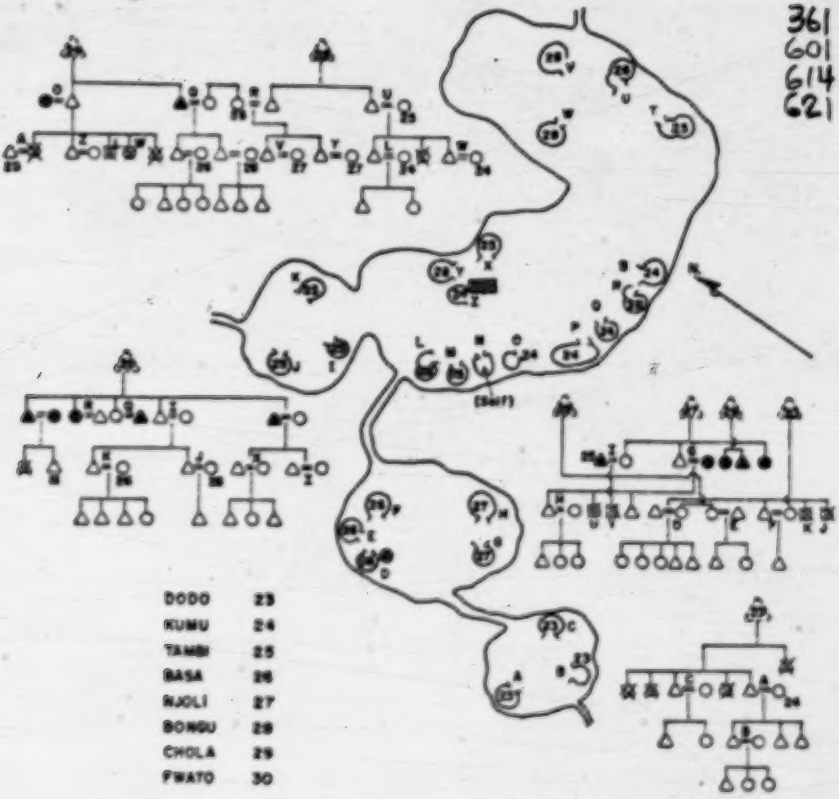
621



[P.352]

361
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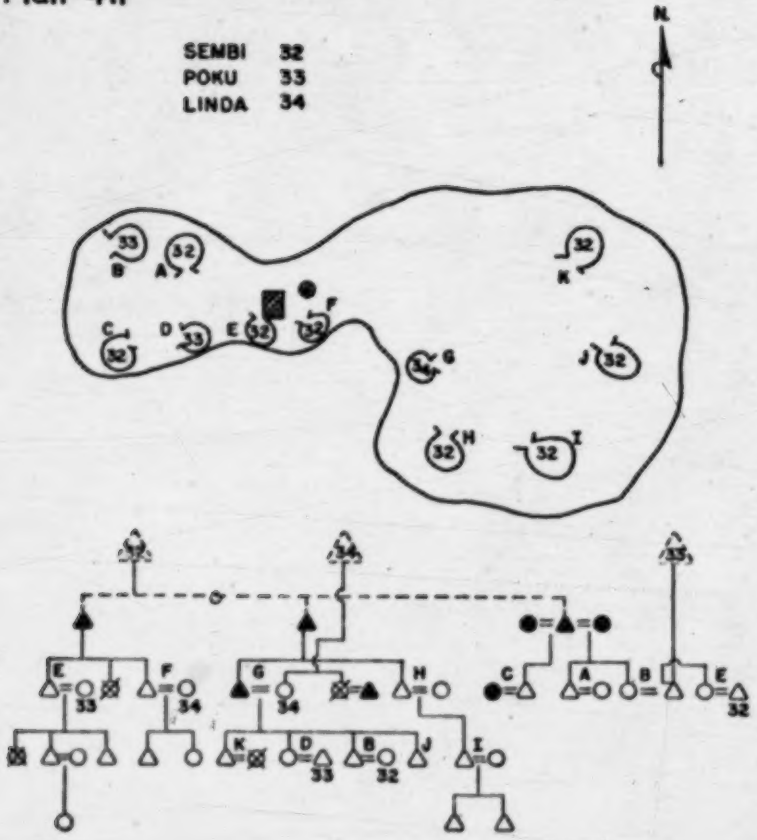
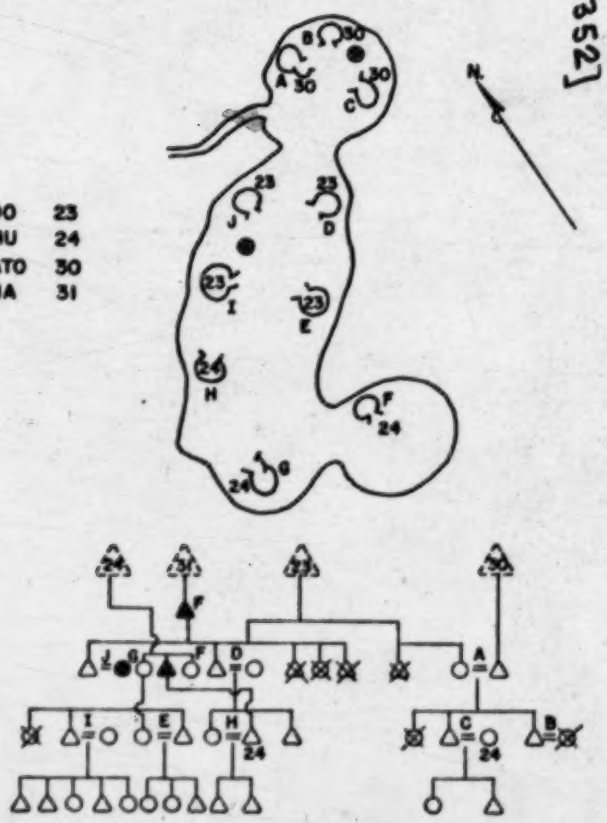
Plan 4h

SEMBI 32
POKU 33
LINDA 34



Plan 4i

DODO 23
KUMU 24
FWATO 30
DENA 31



[P 353]

Plan 4j

Plan 4k

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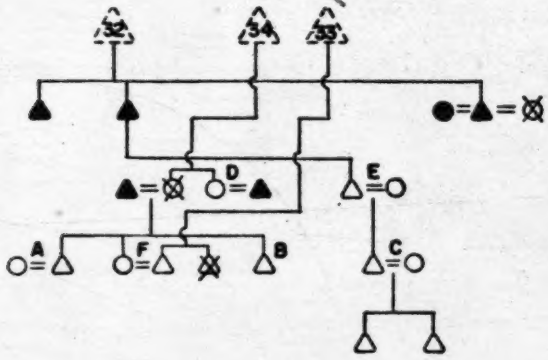
621

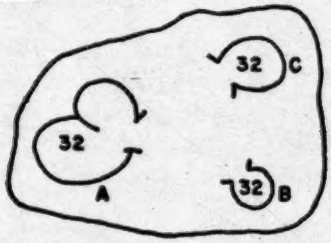
• 361 601 614 62 129

Plan 4l

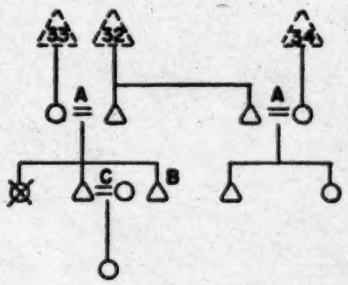


SEMBI 32
POKU 33
LINDA 34

Plan 4m



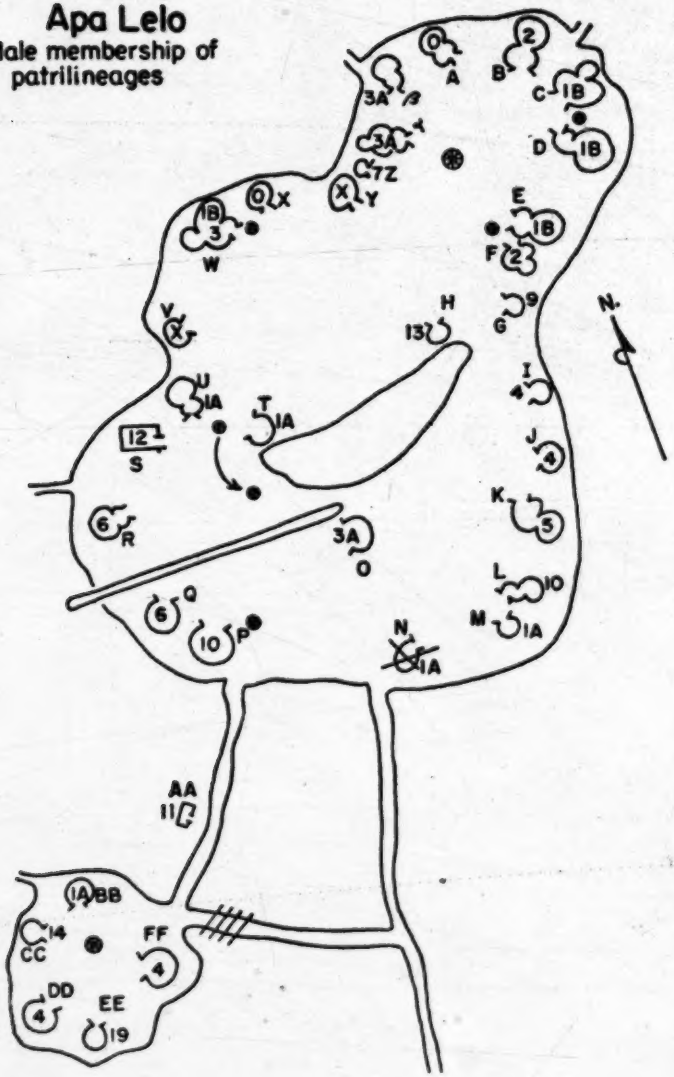
SEMBI 32



2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

361 •
613

Plan 5
Apa Lelo
Male membership of patrilineages



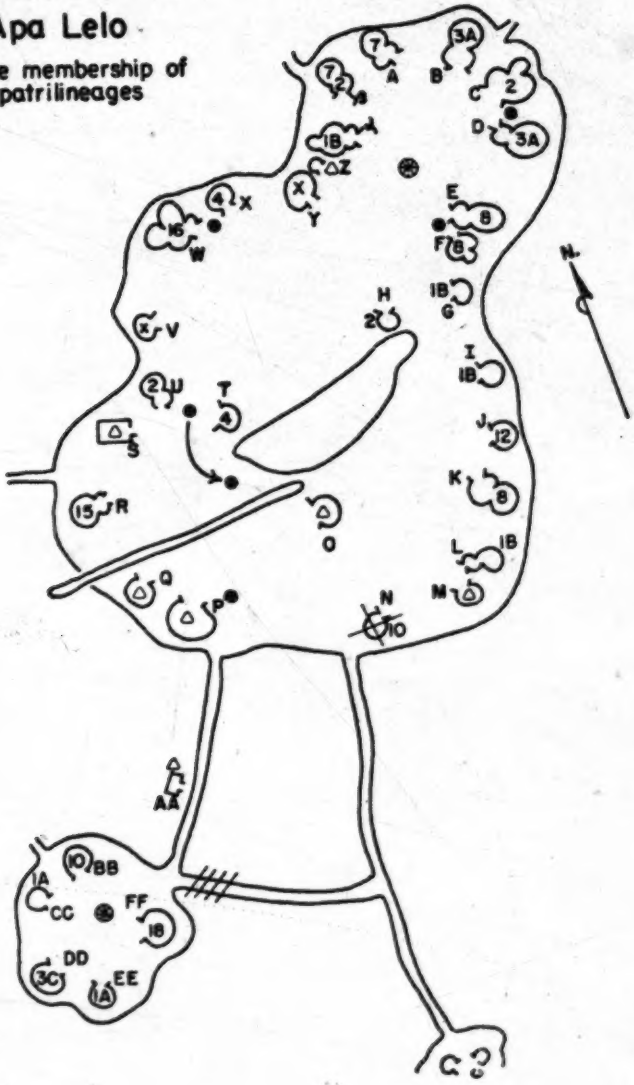
2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

• 361
613

Plan 6

Apa Lelo

Female membership of patrilineages



2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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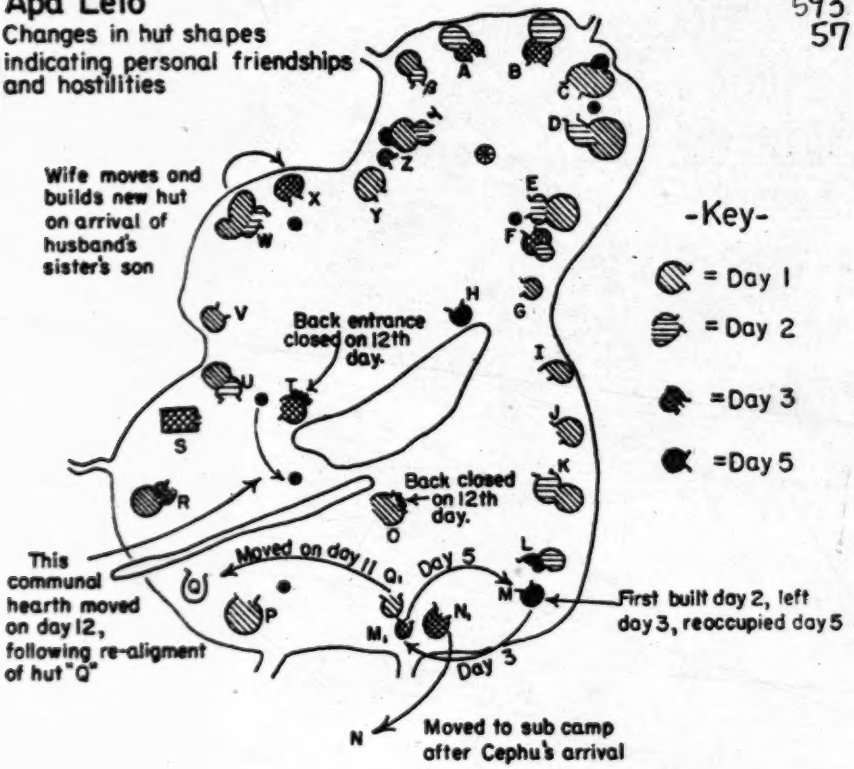
593
57

Plan 7

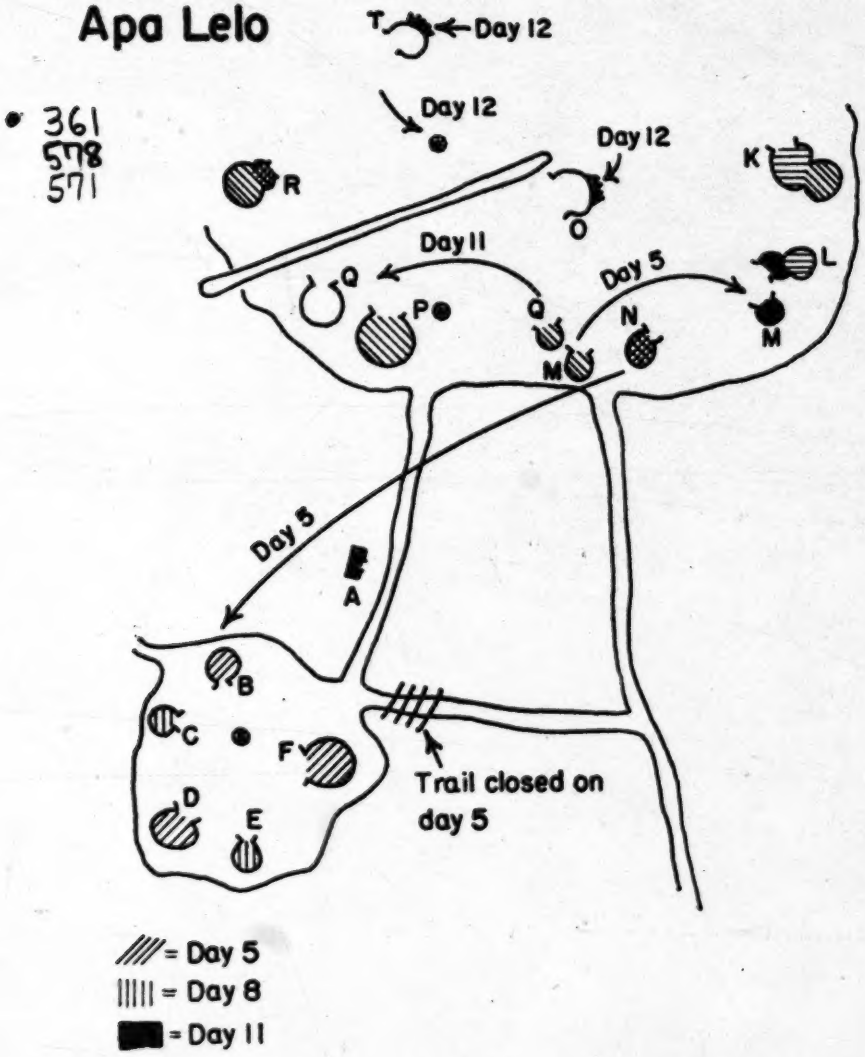
Apa Lelo

Changes in hut shapes indicating personal friendships and hostilities


Wife moves and builds new hut on arrival of husband's sister's son
Back entrance closed on 12th day.
Back closed on 12th day.
This communal hearth moved on day 12, following re-aligment of hut "Q"
Moved on day 11
Day 5
Day 3
First built day 2, left day 3, reoccupied day 5
Moved to sub camp after Cephu's arrival
-Key-
= Day 1
= Day 2
=Day 3
=Day 5

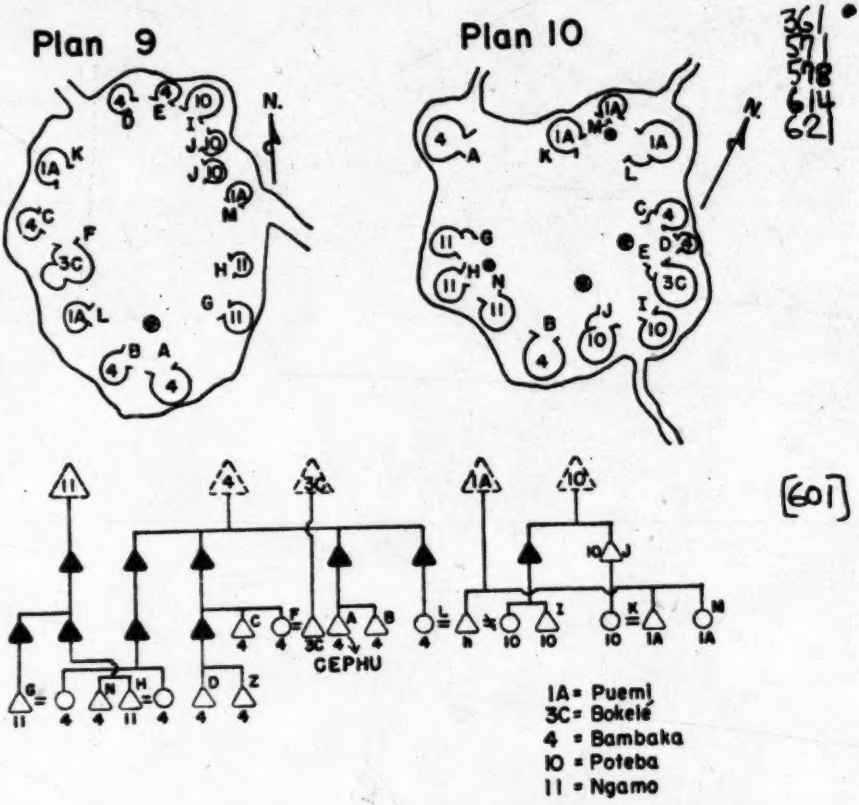
2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

Plan 8
Apa Lelo



Apa Lelo: changes at southern end of camp due to Cephu's arrival.

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti



Cephu's camp before (Plan 9) and after (Plan 10) his hunting offense.

[Plan 11 is located inside back cover.]

[P.360 is blank]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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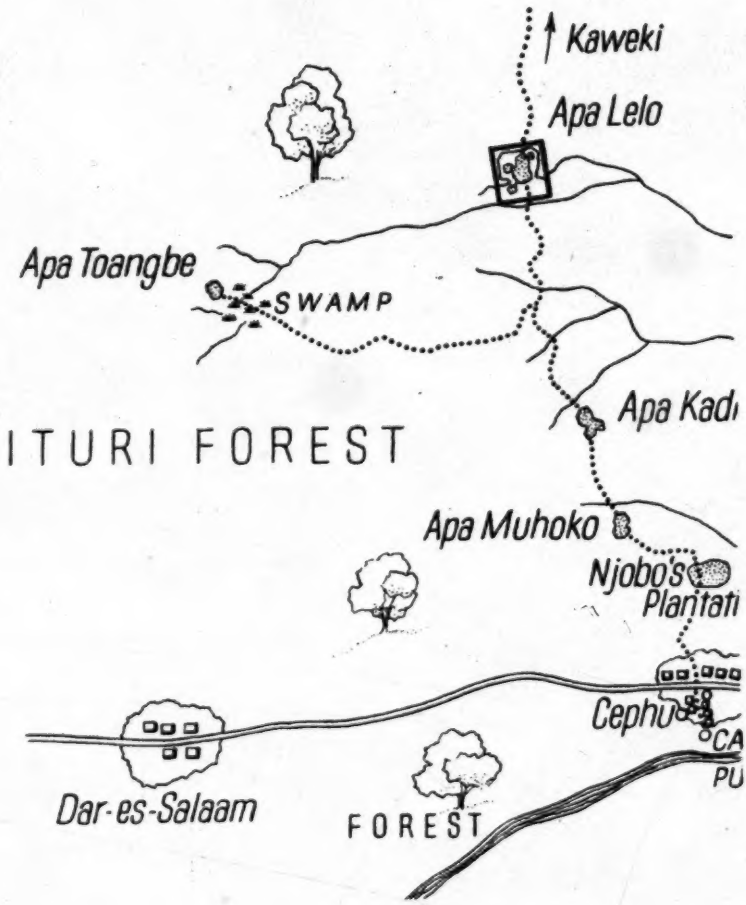
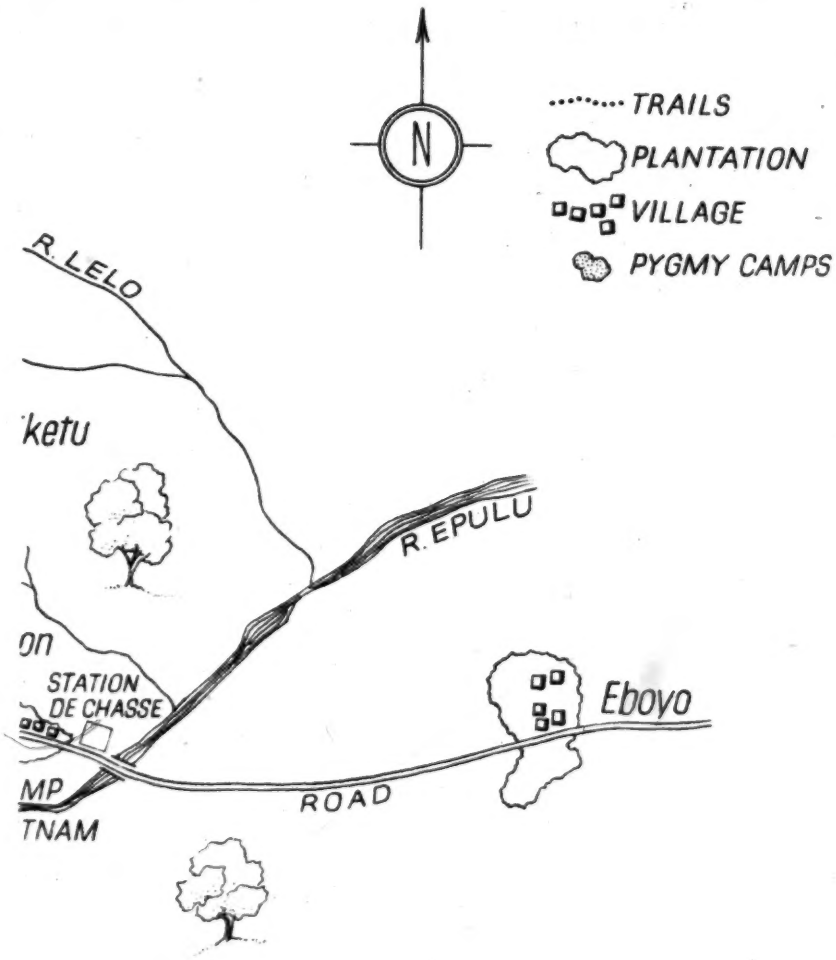
103
133
489
• 361



MAP 2: Detail map of the Ituri Forest, showing approximate positions of Pygmy camps, trails and plantations.

[P. 10-D]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti



102
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133
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Area of Map 3

[P. 10-E]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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133
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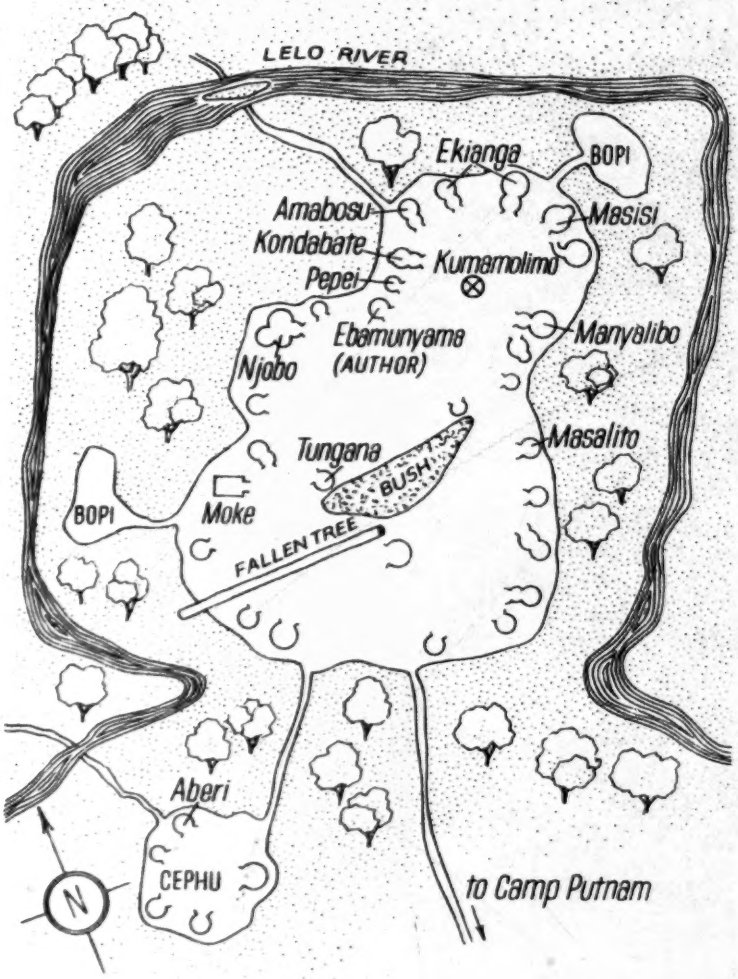

MAP 3: Apa Lelo
[R 10-F]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

group, as often happens. But Kenge was his son by another wife, from a totally unrelated group. By Njobo's sister his father had one daughter, and she was Kenge's only real blood relative in the whole group. This was important, as it enabled him to flirt with almost any of the other girls, with the added spice of its being thought incestuous, because they belonged to his group even though they were totally unrelated.

Since I had been with them before, the group had changed slightly, with a few additions and subtractions. At their suggestion I decided to build my own house in their village camp. It looked as if we were in for a long spell in the village. The camp was in a strategic position between the village of the workers of the motel and Station de Chasse and that of Camp Putnam, near the stores and the beer house, and—even more important—near all the surrounding plantations. Progressive old Tungana said that it was a good site because tourists could drive close by and take their photographs and give them money. Manyalibo, in his dry way, said the only good thing about it was that it was close to the plantations so he didn't have to go far to steal his food. The youngsters liked it because it was near the houses of Negro villagers, where they could go begging for cigarettes, old clothes, and palm wine.

It looked, in fact, as if these Pygmies had become as professional as those that line the roadside at Beni, on the edge of the forest, selling their services to tourists, letting themselves be photographed doing things they would never do in the forest, wearing clothes they wouldn't wear except in a village, even selling the tourist weapons used only by Negroes. But Moke reassured me. His face wrinkled up in smiles, and in his soft, toothless voice he told me not to worry, that we would all be back in the forest long before my house was finished. "That is where we belong," he said, "and we shall return soon. We cannot refuse the forest." He was right, but it was in

circumstances he could not have foreseen or he would not have been so cheerful.

For the first few days I went out with Kenge and others to the new "Pygmy plantation," to collect the poles and saplings for my house. The plantation was a chaotic tangle of fallen, broken, splintered wood. The Pygmies, armed only with their small honey axes, and a few bigger blades borrowed or stolen from the Negroes, had chopped the smaller trees down at about shoulder height, or rather less. The bigger trees they had attacked higher up, working from a flimsy frame from which they gnawed with their tiny hatchets like rats until a hundred and fifty feet of timber came crashing down. They had evidently caught on to the idea that if they attacked the big trees first, those, as they fell, would bring down a number of smaller ones, saving that much work. The result was that even they found it difficult to pick their way among the debris, and they had no means of clearing it. None the less, they had hopefully thrown down banana stems here and there, hoping for them to take root. Njobo proudly showed me one he had "planted," which was struggling manfully to raise its withered leaves above the debris into the sunshine. The only clearing had been done by Negroes, like myself in search of building materials. Evidently the Pygmies' enthusiasm for their plantation had not carried them very far.

The building of my house followed much the same pattern that characterizes every Pygmy endeavor outside the forest world. It began with a lot of noise and big ideas. Their own camp was built in the manner of a Negro village, mud huts in two lines facing each other. The huts were only about seven feet long and five feet deep, some without roofs, some without walls, none of them really complete. Larger families joined two houses together. Only Ekianga's was different, as might be expected. His house stood at the far end and ran across between the two lines, facing down the middle. It was about twenty feet long and had a fine wooden door that opened and

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

talking, some sleeping, some sobbing softly. The men started singing, and after a while I heard their song echoed from far off in the forest and recognized the wistful sound, hollow and ghostly, answering the men with snatches of their own song, sometimes singing its own variations, sometimes breaking off into low, growling, animal noises. The men continued singing as though nothing were happening, and I heard the molimo coming closer, circling around the camp. The women were all quiet in their huts now, and the fire had burned low; the camp was pitch dark except for an occasional glow where the ashes of some family hearth still glowed faintly outside a hut. Even near a village, Cephu never built huts in imitation of the Negroes, and his camp was a typical forest camp, a close little circle of small conical huts, made of a framework of saplings covered entirely with leaves.

The molimo was silent for a few minutes and I looked at the faces of the men around our fire, which was flickering faintly in the middle of the camp. They were all staring at the flames, their eyes wide open but seeing things I had never seen. Only Cephu was lying back in his chair, and he seemed to be asleep. There was a slight movement beside me and I heard the molimo almost in my ear. The sound was gentler and a little sad; it was now singing closely with the men, as if answering their song. Amabosu had joined the group and was on my left, and I saw that he had his hands up to his mouth. Then in the shadows I saw that he was singing into what looked like a long length of bamboo, a sort of trumpet, which was producing that eerie, hollow sound. After a few minutes he stood up. One of Tungana's sons also stood up, and I could see that he was holding the other end of the trumpet. The two danced around the fire, waving the bamboo tube over the flames, Amabosu singing into it all the time and the men's chorus growing louder and louder. Then the two performers dashed suddenly away into the forest behind the camp, and after a few leopardlike growls the trumpet was heard no

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

night, when it is cold, the fire gives not only warmth but protection, keeping the animals away.

It was midday when we waded through a marshy patch left by recent floods. Usually there is little marsh or swamp, but every now and again dead branches and fallen trees will block a stream and the whole area will be flooded, perhaps for miles, until a heavy rain washes the obstruction away. We had to splash knee-deep through mud and water for several hundred yards before we reached dry land. The first thing Kenge and the others did then was to find the main stream and wash themselves clean before going any farther.

From here the ground rose steadily and although we could hear streams below us we did not cross any more until just before we got to the Lelo. Up on the ridge the forest was a little thinner, more light filtered through to the ground below, and the world was alive with dancing shadows as the breeze rippled the leaves. But the sun still raised the temperature only to the point where it was pleasantly warm. As we were picking our way down into the Lelo valley we heard distant rumbles of thunder. Kenge stopped and looked up into the tree tops to see which way the wind was blowing. He muttered that it would not rain yet, but if those lazy women didn't hurry up and come and build the huts we would have a very wet night.

But for the moment the sun was shining, and when we finally arrived at the site for our camp it was bright and green and cheerful. It was a natural clearing a couple of hundred yards across, with a patch of trees and bush in the center breaking up the clearing so that it was really two. As large and as open as it was, the trees still almost met overhead. The ground, instead of being covered with leaves, was covered with a kind of grass. Kenge dumped his bundle on top of a little hillock several yards across and said that this was where we would have our house built. He then told me to come and see the Lelo itself, hinting that I should have a good bath

Apa Lelo, or the Camp of Lelo, will always be one of the most

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 PO4 Pygmies PO4
Mbuti

361 beautiful parts of the whole forest for me. This is partly because of
114 what happened there, but also because it is one of the places where the forest is at its gentlest and kindest. Even when we left, after a month of heavy rains had turned the campsite into a morass of mud, it was still beautiful, and much as the Pygmies hate a muddy camp they were reluctant to leave. Now, however, all was still green and fresh.

137 Elsewhere the forest can be severe, particularly in the mountain-
132 ous regions; and in many places it is overwhelming in its immensity. The leafy roof where the trees join together can be so far above that you feel as small and insignificant as the other animals roaming the ground below, depending on the forest for life. And at times it can be so powerful that it is frightening. When it whips itself into a fury, conjuring up rain and thunder and lightning, it turns small streams into raging torrents and sends heavy branches or even whole trees crashing down, some of them with trunks as thick as houses, destroying the living trees that stand in their way.

361 But even in a storm Apa Lelo was gentle and kind and protective.
137 Here, somehow, one felt superior to the other animals of the forest. At the far end of the camp, just beyond the hillock where Kenge had said our house was to be built, a path led off to the left through a glade where the smell of leaf mold was rich and cool and moist.
[136] Termites built their nests there, elfin huts of clay with funny mushroom-shaped roofs; small animals scampered about below and birds fluttered lazily overhead. The world at Apa Lelo was full of delicate colors and shades and whispering sounds, and up in the highest branches orchids shyly hid their delicate heads among the moss.

133 This glade was almost an island, as the Lelo swept around it, all
[361] but encircling the camp. The Lelo, the river the Pygmies loved above all others, widened out at the end of its curve into a broad shallow stream, a hundred feet or so across, clear and rippling. When the water was low a bank of shingle rose in the center. In the middle

THE MAKING OF CAMP LELO

In the middle of the day the sun found its way through the leaves and struck this bank, and the women liked to wade out to it and do their washing there. When the river was as low as this you could wade all the way across, if you knew where to step, but at other times a huge fallen tree was used as a bridge.

On the far side the ground rose sharply, and though at first the forest was still open and friendly, as soon as you reached the top of the rise it became thick and closed in around you, and the only paths were those made by animals, narrow and twisting.

Kenge showed me all this with his chest puffed up with pride. He told me I could drink water from any of the streams or from the Lelo itself; it was not like living in the village where both the food and water were dirty. He showed where the women would bathe, and warned me to keep upstream of the shingle bar, so as not to offend them. The other youths had already stripped naked and were splashing in the water, unashamed, though in deference to an overclad Westerner they held their hands in front of them when they turned to face me.

We went back to the campsite and Kenge started clearing the ground. Very shortly afterward three of the great hunters arrived— Njobo, the killer of elephants; Masisi, the proud father; and Manyalibo, the gruff, good-humored conservative. They shouted a greeting as they came into the clearing, and looking around they threw down their hunting nets where they thought they would like to have their houses built. Njobo chose to be just to the south of the hillock; Manyalibo and Masisi, good cousins that they were, put their nets down beside each other, opposite. Then almost immediately they disappeared into the forest, each in a different direction, each with bow and arrows. In less than fifteen minutes Kenge, who had been examining the tracks of a huge buffalo that had passed by the night before, suddenly stood still and motioned me to be quiet. With his hands he mimed an antelope running and pointed into the forest behind Manyalibo's chosen site.

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behind Manyalibo's chosen site. Almost immediately there was a shout from Njobo, and Kenge bounded across the camp, picking up a hunting net as he went. Not more than fifty yards away we found Njobo standing, tense, at the end of a fallen tree, peering inside the hollow trunk. Masisi and Manyalibo came running up through the glade, and taking the net they quickly put it up around the tree trunk, while Njobo hurried off and returned with his spear.

Looking into the black, gaping hole I saw two eyes, glowing bright red and unblinking, staring at me from the darkness. Njobo had seen a *sondu*, a highly coveted kind of antelope, and had cornered it in a sharp bend of the river so that it had been forced to take refuge in the tree trunk, trapping itself. All this had taken place so silently that only Kenge's sharp ears had picked up the noises. When the net was firmly fixed Manyalibo stood on the tree trunk and thrust a long stick inside, keeping himself well clear of the opening. The forest antelopes have small but sharp horns, and when trapped they are vicious and dangerous. The sondu, snuffling with anger and pain, came bolting out so fast that it tore the mesh of the net. It lay there struggling and bleating, but only for an instant. All three hunters were on top of it, and two of them held it down while Njobo cut its throat with the blade of his spear. He looked up at me happily and said, "This is going to be a good camp, for the forest has given us meat before we have even built our houses."

Within another fifteen minutes the first of the women arrived. They had heard the thunder and had hurried, traveling (as they can when they want to) as fast as any man, in spite of the loads on their backs and the children on their hips. They were singing as they strode into the camp with long, graceful steps, and, just as the men had done, each cast a quick look around and chose a spot where she would build a house for her family. Njobo's wife, pretty young Masamba, was among them. She went to where Njobo had put his net, threw down the load from her back, and without stopping

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for a rest took out her knife and went off to cut the branches and leaves needed to built their new home. Njobo shouted after her that she should get enough to build my house as well, saying that we would help her by collecting more leaves. He called to Masisi and Kenge, and I followed the three of them, wading across the Lelo and into the forest beyond.

The afternoon was already half spent, and by the light we could tell that the sky was clouding over. Njobo knew where there was a large patch of mongongo leaves. It was some distance off, but if we hurried we could get there and collect enough for all of us, he said, looking at me doubtfully. Kenge, ever practical, replied that I had long legs, so surely I would be able to keep up with them, and I would be useful as I could carry twice as many leaves as all of them put together. I did keep up, but only just. Because of the time and the approaching rain they followed small antelope trails instead of the larger buffalo trails, and in this way kept to a more direct route. But even they had to stoop as they ran along, and as they did not bother to cut the branches above their heads I had to go practically on hands and knees in places. Kenge was in front of me, and every now and then he warned me by a gesture of a thorny vine, so thorny that if you run into it unawares it can tear your skin to shreds.

We ran for half an hour without stopping, arriving at a thick growth of mongongo which stretched along the hillside for half a mile or more, down to the banks of the stream below. It was like a forest within a forest, the giant stems ending in the large heart-shaped leaves above our heads.

For a whole hour we cut leaves, working quickly and silently, cutting each leaf with a knife in the right hand, leaving a stalk about four inches long, and adding it to a bundle in the left hand. The others had to bend the plants down to reach the leaves, but even so they quickly accumulated small bundles. When they could hold no more in their hands they simply put the leaves down on the ground

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and moved on. Yet when we had cut enough and were at the far edge of the mongongo grove, they knew exactly where each bundle had been put, and retraced their steps gathering the leaves as they went. Only then, when all the leaves were collected together, did they relax and talk, and pick a few wild berries with which to refresh themselves. Then they cut lengths of vine and softened it by running it quickly from hand to hand, pulling it sharply through the fork of the thumb. They laughed when I tried this and cut myself. With this vine they tied up the bundles, gave me the largest, and we set off on the way back, as fast as we had come.

As we came through the glade on the hillside above the Lelo we heard the voices of women and the laughter and shouting of children from the camp across the river, and when we got down lower and were wading through the cool stream, washing off all the dirt and perspiration, we could see long columns of smoke spiraling lazily upward through the trees. The camp was coming to life.

The clearing was full of activity. About twenty families had arrived, and each had already put up the framework of its little house. Arobanai and Loku, Ekianga's two senior wives, put their houses side by side at the north end of the camp, leaving a space for Ekianga and Kamaikan when they came out. Masisi's eldest son, Ageronga, helped his wife build their house between Masisi's and Loku's. Old Sau had already almost finished her hut, between my hillock and Arobanai's but closer to Arobanai, on the far side of the path that led off to the Lelo. Masamba was finishing the frame for her house; mine was complete, except for a few extra sticks and leaves needed for the doorway. She had done mine first. Now she squatted down making her own home, driving the saplings into the ground with sharp thrusts, each time in exactly the same place, so that they went deeper and deeper. When she had completed a circle she stood up and deftly bent the tops over her head, twisting them together and twining smaller saplings across, forming a lattice frame-

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352 the same way, the frame resting on four forked sticks, but we were the only household to bother with a table. The others would build
[251] them later, Kenge said, when the hunting brought in so much meat that they could spare some to dry for the villagers. Then they would build tables higher than ours, and light fires under them.

[284] Chairs were even simpler to make. Kenge cut four sticks, each about three and a half feet long, and twisted a vine thong around the middle of the bundle. He stood them on the ground, and with a turn of his hand he splayed out the ends and had a comfortable
352 seat. When you get used to this kind of chair you can even go to
516 sleep, resting your back along one stick and hooking your feet over
515 the opposite one. Pygmies, in the forest, are clean people, and they do not like sitting on the ground. Either they make these simple chairs or they sit on logs, often on the end of a log that is sticking out of a fire. If the worst comes to the worst they will pull a leaf from the roof of the nearest hut and sit daintily on that.

• 361 During the day more families arrived, and while they were busy
578 building their huts, those who had arrived the day before put the finishing touches to theirs. Sometimes someone would apparently have a grudge against a neighbor, or a dislike for someone who had built a hut opposite. I saw several women turning the entrances of their huts to point in different directions, toward friends or relatives. During the course of any one camp women are continually adding
[126] to their huts or changing the way they face. I found that a good way of keeping track of the little jealousies that exist in any small community was to make a daily plan of the camp, noting which huts were being altered to face in which direction. I noticed that *Asubanai, Ekianga's senior wife, faced her hut very deliberately away from old Sau, and that nobody was anxious to make use of the space between Sau's hut and mine to build there.*

361 On the third day Ekianga arrived with Kamaikan, and they in-

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stalled themselves with the rest of the family at the north end of the camp. Shortly afterward Cephu arrived. Ekianga had brought news that he was on his way, and there had been a lot of argument. In spite of the auspicious killing of a sondu on the first day, the hunting since had not been very good, and already the camp was large. There were about twenty-five huts now, forming two circles, one on each side of the central barrier of brush and trees.

In the early afternoon there was a silence in the camp and Kenge stood listening, looking across the camp to the south. He turned and told me that Cephu was not far away and would be here in a quarter of an hour. Almost to the minute Cephu arrived, leading a band of another five families. Most of them stopped at the edge of the camp at the south end; only Cephu and one other came over to the main camp to greet us and announce his arrival. A new fire had been built in the center of our clearing, opposite Manyalibo's hut, and Cephu sat down there, one of the younger men getting up to give him his chair. He asked about the hunting and gave us news of the village. He said that his brother, who was a cripple, had not wanted to come so far and had made a small camp half way, near Apa Kadiketu. After a few minutes he left, not having been offered anything to eat or any tobacco to smoke, and started building his own camp about fifty yards to the south of the extreme edge of the clearing. He built a tight little circle of huts, connected by a path to the main trail on one side and to the camp on the other. He chose that site because he had some relatives at that end of our camp.

The same day Manyalibo's daughter also arrived, with her husband, Ausu. Ausu was a handsome Pygmy, strong, and clever at hunting both with spear and with net. He had caught many wild pig, although he was only in his early twenties, and once, when still in his teens, he had nearly been killed by one. His wife, Kondabate, was a Pygmy belle if there ever was one, and she knew it. The two had been married for nearly three years but had no children. Kon-

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Kondabate still had her fine maiden's figure, with firm upstanding breasts. Nobody ever mentioned the fact that they were childless. Kondabate decorated herself more than any other Pygmy girl I have known, and by every possible means, Negro and Pygmy. She not only dyed her body with designs of vines and fruits, painted on with the black juice of the gardenia fruit, but she also had elaborate patterns cicatrized on her stomach, and her teeth were filed to sharp points so that when she smiled or laughed, as she frequently did, she looked just a little dangerous. Kondabate decided to build her house to the north of the hillock, so that she was next to old Sau, and opposite her father.

During the afternoon Amabosu, Sau's son—the great singer—went around from hut to hut with Manyalibo's adopted son, Madyadya. (Manyalibo had offered his molimo for Balekimito's festival, as Ekianga said he had none.) The two youths stood outside the entrance to each hut with a basket and a length of cord made from *nkusa* vine, the kind of cord used for making hunting nets. Madyadya held one end of the cord while Amabosu tied the other in a noose and laid it in the doorway of the hut. The owner of the hut, or her husband if she was not there, would put a small bunch of bananas in the noose, or a manioc root, or a bundle of mushrooms, or perhaps even a small piece of meat, and Madyadya would jerk the string taut. After a brief mock struggle he would haul in the catch and put it in his basket, then go on to the next hut. From every hut the two collected an offering of food in this way. When their basket was full they hung it up on a tree stump beside the central fire that was now blazing between Manyalibo's hut and the hut his daughter was busily making. This fire had itself been made up from offerings of wood collected from each family hearth. I remembered seeing Manyalibo go around taking an ember or log from every fireplace, whether the owners were there or not.

I noticed that only men sat at this fire and asked Kenge why this

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A Pygmy camp. This one is Cephu's.

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or dry, with few real ups and downs that affect the life of the group as a whole.

Occasionally an elephant is killed, and that means the entire camp will be abandoned at once and a new one built around the dead animal, so that it can be eaten on the spot. The Pygmies point out that this is easier than bringing the elephant to the camp. It means a week of merry-making, of singing and dancing and no hunting. The only trouble is that it also means visits from the villagers. On such occasions they will pluck up their courage and venture into the forest, feeling that with such an abundance of meat the Pygmies will be in a generous frame of mind. The Pygmies try to avoid this by immediately sending meat to the village. But when villagers do come, they are generally courteously received and allowed to stay for a day or two. After that, if they are slow with gifts of rice or tobacco, the Pygmies have various ways of making them move on. The forest is the world of the Pygmy, and he is not bashful about telling a villager who outstays his welcome just what he thinks of him.

I stayed in one camp which was only a few hours from the village and on the way to a Negro fishing ground. We were constantly beset by villagers passing through, and after a while the Pygmies got tired of feeding them, tired of being used as a convenient stopping place. So when they were asked for food, the Pygmies would agree on condition that the villagers join them in a game of *panda*. This is a gambling game in which beans are thrown on a mat, or on a flat piece of ground. Some of them are quickly scooped up by one of the two players. The other, looking to see how many are left, has to estimate at a glance how many his opponent has taken. He then tells his opponent to throw down one, two, or three beans, or to stay as he is. The count is then made—also at a glance—and if the player has an exact multiple of four he wins. But against villagers Pygmies always win. For one thing they have an uncanny sense of

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men held out for the village, the older for the forest. All the older men except Tungana, that is. That wily old grandfather thought the village was better as they might be able to make money out of tourists who would pay to see them dance. Tourists had been increasing in number ever since the Animal Station had been established at Epulu, and the Pygmies found tourists even easier to trick than villagers.

It was eventually decided that the elima, which had already begun in Kondabate's hut, should go to the village and take over Ekianga's house, as it was the biggest and he was related to one of the girls anyway. The villagers would give food to the elima. Asofalinda would be in charge. Everyone else would stay a while longer in the forest. Then they would bring the molimo to the village one night and have a final dance there, because the villagers believed that a period of mourning, which is how they regarded the molimo, should end with a ritual feast, and so they would give the Pygmies more food. That would put all the men in a good humor to attend to their part of the elima festivities.

I was a little surprised that they should even think of bringing the molimo to the village. Moke told me not to worry, that no villagers would know anything of what went on in the forest, and if any villagers came to watch they would only see the Pygmies imitating what the villagers do themselves. But he shook his head and added, "Even so, it *is* bad. It is a thing of the forest, and it should end there. Perhaps we shall have to end it twice."

The night before we were due to move back to the village everyone was very quiet. The women prepared the food for the evening meal without talking to one another. Tungana sat outside his hut, hunched forward, his gray old head resting on one hand because he had an abscess on the side of his neck. Moke wandered restlessly from one end of the camp to the other, and Masisi snapped at everyone who gave him an excuse. This was some three months after

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the molimo had begun, and we were in a camp much closer to the village than we had been at Apa Lelo . . . Only about two hours' walk away. Cephu, as usual, had his camp at a distance, but rather farther removed than usual, and we saw less of him than ever. The next morning we found that he had abandoned his camp the night before and gone to join a hunting group farther to the west; he wanted no part of returning to the village.

Even the children were depressed and sat around in silent little groups fitfully playing with spinning tops made from slices of forest nuts. Every tow and again one of them got in the way of an adult and was severely smacked. His cries brought only a sterner cuffing, and by nightfall the camp was filled with wailing children and bad-tempered adults. Only the youths seemed cheerful. For them the village meant tobacco, palm wine, the wild erotic dancing the Pygmies love to perform for the villagers, and a relaxation from the tensions of the forest. They would no longer be hunting, so they would be free from the restrictions that way of life imposed. They would no longer be in the forest, so they would be free from its ever-present authority. If the villagers thought the BaMbuti then came under their authority, that was their mistake.

While the youths dreamed of the fun they were going to have, particularly with the girls in the elima house, all the adults were silent. Kenge who although he was older still liked to associate with the youths, stood boastfully in the middle of a group of admirers and talked of all the village girls he was going to sleep with. And not only one a night, but two, three, perhaps even thirty. "And I am going to drink palm wine until there is no more to drink. I am *going to steal* all the palm wine there is in the village and drink it all myself, to make me strong. But I won't get drunk, so when they come to me and say, 'Kenge, why have you drunken all our palm wine?' I shall just say, 'You committer of incest' "—Kenge had a very descriptive word for this—" 'if I had drunk all your palm wine

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to verify just how much meat there was, accusing them of having eaten it all themselves. But the Pygmies paid no attention. Some made for their own village and dumped their belongings there. I wandered on with the others who went straight to their patrons to whom they presented the meat they had brought with them. Before long they were sitting down in whatever shade they could find, fanning themselves to keep the flies and mosquitoes away, eating heartily from enamel dishes, drinking dirty village water from enamel mugs.

After spending some time, rather like the Pygmies, greeting the various villagers, I returned to the Pygmy village and sat in the shade of my veranda looking down the dismal, double row of tumbledown huts. About half a mile away, in the background, the forest raised its tall dark face against the edge of the plantations, dwarfing the leafy plantain trees that were only three times as tall as men, making them look like blades of grass. Ineffectual blades of grass that had, with the help of village-man, usurped the place of the great primeval forest, but which in a year or two would be choked to a final death as the forest claimed its own. Clouds of dust arose as a small, disconsolate group of children played football with a ball presented to them by some fond villager. The dust got into my nostrils and made me feel suddenly bad-tempered. Kenge, who was trying to cook me a meal, cursed the children and told them to go and play somewhere else. But they had no bopi—no cool, clean streams, no vine swings. So they went off to chase the dogs, goats and chickens of the nearest Negro household.

At the far end of the little village stood Ekianga's house, the only one that was not falling to pieces. It straddled the width of the village, bridging the space between the two not very straight rows of smaller huts. The elima girls made a couple of sorties from the single door, dashing around to the back of the house where they could not be seen. Otherwise all was quiet.

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000 Chasse as they were put through their exercises, all obscured the faint chirpings of crickets and birds and the chatter of monkeys. 361 241 512 313 And as the sun rose and began to beat down on the parched and scorched earth, the village asserted once more its determination to dominate the hostile world around it. The men went off to cut down more trees for more houses and bigger plantations, and the women went to hoe and cultivate the small fields so laboriously prepared, which after another one or two years of hard work would have to be abandoned. For the soil which can support the primeval forest with luxurious ease refuses to bear fruit to the crops of the villagers for more than three consecutive years.

361 In the neighborhood of the Epulu there were, in fact, several villages. Some twenty-five years earlier, when Patrick Putnam first came to the spot and decided to settle there, there were none. He built his home with the help of various men of different tribes whom he took around with him to assist him in his work. Some were from villages several hundred miles away. They called in other helpers, and gradually the village of Camp Putnam came into being. A pretty, straggling village, neat huts dotted haphazardly either side of a gracefully curving track, just wide enough for a car to pass through to Pat's home. Even though its members came from half a dozen different tribes, it quickly assumed the characteristics of a traditional, tribal, forest village. The family feeling that is so powerful where a village consists of all the men of a single clan, their wives and children, was replaced by a common loyalty to Pat, who worked day and night in his small dispensary, saving the lives of the people he loved and, in the end, giving his own. Pat acted as chief in nearly all respects. Disputes were brought to him and he settled them, wisely and justly, according to the tribal laws he knew so well. The village began to attract Pygmies, who gradually attached themselves, again in a perfectly traditional manner.

To a lesser extent this was so even with the new and distinctly

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commercial village that was set up on the roadside, by the government, immediately after Pat's death. The main focus of the village was not, as in so many villages, in either special plantations or road work, but in the Station de Chasse. This, with its collection of live forest animals, became an attraction for wealthy tourists with time and money enough to make the trip from Stanleyville or Beni; hence the optimistic Belgian who built the motel directly opposite. A little farther up the road, away from the river, were the houses of several hundred workers. This village stretched right up to the entrance of Camp Putnam, and beyond was the Hotel de Bière and a line of a half-dozen or so stores. The majority of these villagers, as in Camp Putnam, were from distant districts and from many different tribes. But here they had nobody to hold them together, as Putnam had his workers; their disputes were settled arbitrarily, according to Belgian notions of right and wrong. It was a village filled with jealousies, deep-seated grievances and smoldering hatred.

A few kilometers to each side of the Epulu River were two traditional villages. To the west was Dar es Salaam. The name was brought from the coast by the slave-traders, and its inhabitants were all descendants of the almost universally disliked BaNgwana, who had sold their souls to the traders and helped them in the capture of slaves and the theft of ivory. The headman of Dar es Salaam was a friendly rogue, Musafili. About two kilometers away from Dar es Salaam was the camp of Musafili's Pygmies. Like every other Negro he referred to "his" Pygmies as though they were chattels. Although Dar es Salaam always offered the warmest hospitality, I never felt at ease there. The heritage of a bloody and treacherous past was only barely dormant, and the BaNgwana are suspected today, as they always have been, of practicing the most dreaded forms of witchcraft and sorcery.

A little farther to the other side of the Epulu was a very different village, and one much more typical of the traditional settlement in

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this area. It was named Eboyo, and the villagers belonged to the BaBira tribe, predominant in the southern and central Ituri. Here there were two chiefs—the traditional chief, Sabani, and the government-appointed chief, Kapamba. Kapamba's job was to see that the right crops were planted, harvested, and marketed to the Belgian government, and that the taxes were collected and paid over. The Belgian policy was largely to let the people in this rather difficult and unprofitable part of the Congo live as they had always lived. The only stipulations were that they should live peacefully, and that in addition to their own small plantations they should cultivate more ground for crops which would both help to feed immigrant labor forces, such as the road gangs and the workers at Station de Chasse, and be of commercial value to the Belgians in the world market for such products as cotton, palm oil and groundnuts.

Kapamba was not a popular figure. He was small and pathetically ugly. His hut was at the very far end of the village, behind a large hillock on the top of which stood his baraza. Only his close relatives and a few Pygmies lived near him.

In the village proper, Sabani's house was in the center. Sabani was a sly old man whose father had married a Lese girl, from the eastern edge of the forest. Sabani changed his tribal affiliation to suit the convenience of the moment, and the Belgians found it impossible to deal with him, so they appointed Kapamba in his place. But Sabani was still the real power in the village, and the real authority. He was also the chief ritual authority for miles around, and he was a frightening sight when painted and dressed for his role of witch doctor at the time of the nkumbi initiation ceremony. Even on other occasions when he wished to be formal—such as the visit of a Belgian administrator—he was no less inspiring. Ragged trousers came down to within a few inches of feet that were barely covered by ill-fitting shoes, slit where they pinched so as to be more comfortable. An old khaki tunic covered his bare chest, and on his head he wore

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either a pith helmet decorated with gennet skin, or else a long-haired wig of monkey fur. In his hand he carried a metal walking stick that had once been the handle and stem of an umbrella. Sometimes he wore the gennet skin around his waist, or tucked into his belt, or hung from his neck. It was the symbol of his ritual authority, and it contained the charms from which he derived his power. Generally Sabani was a kindly and gentle man, wise and good. But his loyalties were narrow, confined to his own kin and a few friends. Beyond that circle he was a man to be feared rather than trusted.

Eboyo also had its Pygmy village, not far from the main village, but Sabani preferred to keep his Pygmies in the forest where the administration could not see what they were doing. Generally they were tending illicit plantations, of hemp among other things. Sabani also had his own still, where he used to have a powerful spirit made from manioc. He was frequently drunk but never incapable. At all times he was an imposing and commanding figure. In his village there were some thirty families, including Kapamba's. Camp Putnam and Dar es Salaam were about half that size.

The attitude of all these villagers to the forest was the same. They made their villages as open as possible, and they built their houses without any windows. They tried to ignore the world around them, because for them the forest was hostile, something to be feared and fought. Even after cutting it down there was the constant labor required to keep it from growing back. It was filled with evil spirits that cursed the soil so that although it would bear gigantic mahogany trees it would produce only the most meager fruits for the villagers.

The tribes of this area had once been plains dwellers, with herds of cattle, living in the friendly open spaces of East Africa. When they were driven into the forest by more powerful tribes, they brought as much of their plains culture with them as they could. But their cattle died off, and they had to live by cultivation alone. They

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881 to emerge. Pumba knew that he was no match for a girl with such
832 patience and perseverance. He opened negotiations from the other side of the locked and bolted door.

Akidinimba was in no hurry, so she carefully examined the door and the single window, to see if there was any chance of breaking in. But the door was stout, and the window was tightly closed by a wooden shutter. So she decided, with some statesmanship, to negotiate. In return for a promise that Pumba would be allowed to emerge free of any danger of further attack, and free of any other obligations, she extracted a reluctant promise that he would attend the final stages of the elima back at Camp Putnam. A very downcast Pumba emerged and immediately started complaining that there had really been no need to beat him quite so hard. The girls asked him where
881 the other Pygmies were, and he pointed across the plantation to the
832 far side, where the forest stood out darkly into the blue sky. The
574 girls told him to stay behind, and not to try and warn his friends. They then set off, this time with Kidaya to the fore, picking their way across the tangle of fallen trees slowly and silently.

On the far side we entered the forest and continued southward for a short while. Kidaya, plotting her strategy like a general, sent out a couple of scouts. As a result of their report, we veered around to one side until we came to a slight rise. From the top of this we looked down through the trees across a leafy floor, completely bare of any undergrowth except for a few ferns. Below us lay a typically picturesque Pygmy camp, shimmering in the haze of smoke from
• [361] innumerable fires. It was built in two circles, joining each other as if
[517] in an attempt to become one. We could hear the idle chatter of men and women as they lay on their beds or on their hunting nets, dozing
[231] in the midday warmth. A dog wandered lazily from hut to hut, sniffing hungrily, confident that his masters were far too sleepy to bother him. The sun, directly overhead, came down through the trees in irregular, jagged shafts, so that parts of the camp were bright,

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had one of our most fruitful treks of all, learning many new and important things about the forest people.

The terrain was very different from that of Epulu, being mountainous and rocky, with jagged boulders sticking out of the ground at crazy angles as though some great city had once been swallowed by an earthquake. But even on the steepest escarpments, where the huge trees seemed to grow out of the very rocks, the Pygmies moved as quickly and surely and silently as elsewhere. For the first time I saw Kenge in difficulty, he being as unused to this kind of mountaineering as I was. But we were anxious to press inward as far as we could, and once again we found ourselves almost back at the Epulu; it lay about two days to the southwest at most.

While we were in this part of the forest we heard many stories of the old wars between the various tribes of villagers, as they invaded the forest, and how the Pygmies got caught between them so that they were forced to side with one group or another.

On leaving Nduye we continued southward, past the administrative center of Mambasa, and when we had crossed the Ituri, which at this higher point was, in Kenge's words, "a mere child," we once more left the car and began walking. At the end of a day, having passed through three deserted Pygmy villages, we were beginning to feel dubious at the wisdom of having come so far without a guide when we came to the banks of a large tributary of the Ituri. There, to our mutual surprise, was one of the legendary vine bridges, slung high up over the swirling waters, suspended by lianas fastened to the topmost branches of the trees on either bank. I was [illegible] was amazed, because there is every reason to believe that these bridges, contrary to the information supplied by romantically minded movie-makers, are not of Pygmy origin. To cross the bridge we climbed up a series of logs leading to a fork in the tree to which our end of the bridge was anchored, and from there we made our swaying way across. Kenge refused to look down, and when I stopped in the

3t Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

Our last stop was outside Mambasa, where the local administrator in a fit of well-meaning but not very far-seeing zeal was "liberating" the Pygmies from the villagers. He did this by cutting down clearings along the roadside and setting up villages for the Pygmies to live in, so that they could cultivate plantations that would provide additional crops for the government to collect and market. Kenge was immensely amused at the thought of being liberated. He said the Pygmies would still go to the Negro villages. Why should they work on their own plantations when they could steal from real villagers?

We accompanied the administrator, a fat and jovial man, hospitable and friendly, who genuinely liked the Pygmies. But he could not be made to believe that what he was doing was wrong. He had called various groups of Pygmies down to the clearings and talked to each group, explaining that the government would supply them with all the necessary tools for cultivation and give them the seeds to plant. In time, each Pygmy village would have a baraza, like the Negro villages, and a schoolhouse, and the important ones would have their own dispensaries. He then asked in a democratic way if they wanted to come and join the plan. They all shouted yes, to a man, and the administrator turned to me with a victorious smile of pride. He then commanded the villagers he had brought with him to distribute beans to each Pygmy, with instructions as to how and where to plant them. The Pygmies all lined up, and as soon as each had received his share he rejoined the end of the line. When they were caught out and taken off the line to their allotments to plant the beans, they listened gravely and began to work. Half an hour later most of the beans and along with [illegible]

The plan was doomed to failure for several reasons. For one, the Pygmies are not able to stand the direct sunlight and become ill outside the shade of the forest. They also become ill because they have no resistance, as the villagers have, to the kinds of disease they are open to in a sedentary life. Water which the villager can drink with

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1982 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

impunity gives severe stomach disorder to the Pygmy, who is used to the fresh clean water of forest streams. Flies and mosquitoes carry germs unknown to him in his natural home. But above all, his entire code of behavior and thought is geared to his nomadic forest life: to bring him to a settled life in a village is to ask him overnight to abandon one way of life, a way he has lived for thousands of years, and adopt another. Where the Pygmies did make the attempt there was complete moral as well as physical disintegration. Not long ago a Belgian friend from the Congo told me that the day before he had left, on one small "model plantation" where the Pygmies were being liberated, twenty-nine had died in one day from sunstroke.

I spoke about the plan to many Pygmies, and when Kenge got back to Epulu he talked as much about it as about anything else that he had seen on his journey to the outside world. Old Moke summed up the attitude that I had found everywhere. "The forest is our home; when we leave the forest, or when the forest dies, we shall die. We are the people of the forest."

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
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The Dream World

OUR RETURN TO EPULU found most of the Pygmies, except for Cephu and his group, down in the village. Hunting had been exceptionally good and over the past weeks they had dried a quantity of meat which they were now busy trading for village produce. Their [illegible] camp had [illegible], who [illegible] my house there was still standing. They all seemed to have agreed that they did not want any more mud houses, and they had made a temporary camp just inside the forest. It was not far from one of the plantations, and close to a stream of crystal water.

Kenge had a hero's welcome; even the villagers came to visit the

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1982 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

361 camp to hear his stories. But none of his stories fascinated the Pyg-
361 mies as much as those of the model Pygmy villages we had passed
179 on our way home. He was made to repeat these accounts over and over again, giving every detail. While the younger men and women laughed until they could laugh no more at Kenge's description of the distribution of beans for planting, and how most of them ended up in the cooking pot, the older people were less amused. "But are they actually living in those villages?" they asked. And when Kenge answered that some of them were, the next question was "What if there is no game nearby?" Kenge could only tell them what the administrator had said: "You are welcome to hunt so long as you continue to look after the plantations." Everyone knew that to be impossible. Hunting is a full-time occupation, and it could lead a group away for months on end. It called for the co-operation of men, women and children. Who was to stay to look after the fields?

Other questions brought equally unsatisfactory answers, even so far as the younger people were concerned. There were no trees in the "model" villages—every last one had been cut down, exposing the huts to the full heat of the sun. The Pygmies were to be supplied with free seeds to plant, but they would be expected to produce a definite yield, and they knew that villagers who failed to come up to the mark were fined, and if they were unable to pay their fines they
[512] went to jail. Every village had been placed near a supply of fresh water, tested by the administrator himself (by looking at it—he was horrified when I drank some). But the Pygmies knew that however clean it might be to start with, it would soon be polluted; and in any case there was no guarantee that it would continue throughout the year.

361 Far from being "liberated" from the villagers, the Pygmies felt
829 that in these model plantations they would be in greater danger than
179 ever. In the forest they knew that they were safe, because the forest was theirs, but once out in the open they were subject to all the evil

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

influences of the villagers, particularly witchcraft. The theory was that they would be independent because they would no longer have to rely on the villagers for plantains, rice, peanuts, or other village foods. In point of fact the only thing for which the Pygmies might really be considered to depend on their neighbors was metal for their knife and spear blades. And this was the one thing the model plan for liberation did not teach them to produce or work for themselves.

It may have been coincidence, or it may have been the result of all this talk of Pygmy villages and of the way that elsewhere the forest was being cut down by modern machinery to build new roads, to open up new mines, or to cultivate more coffee, but within a few days what had been a happy-go-lucky camp became silent and depressed. The unhappy Pygmies argued that the more the forest was cut down for roads and mines and foreign plantations, the more would have to be cut down to make more plantations to feed all the laborers. It was not a happy outlook for them. Then, as always happened when they were upset, they began to sing one evening. They sang and sang, and even those who had been sleeping came out to join in.

During a pause between songs, while everyone was silent, we heard quite distinctly the long-drawn-out whistling cry that the Pygmies say comes from the chameleon. There was a shout of delight, and the singing immediately started again, but this time to a quite different tempo. The rhythm was given out by the sharp clapping of two short sticks which Amabosu had quickly cut from a nearby tree. They rang clear and true. The cry of the chameleon and the use of the *ngbengbe* sticks meant only one thing—there was honey nearby. Within a few days there was not a Pygmy left in the village.

Of all the many foods in the forest, honey attracts the Pygmies the most strongly. At all times of the year game is to be caught, different kinds of mushrooms and fruits and nuts and berries are to be

3t Turnbull E-5 (1951-1956) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

me and finally brought us down to a swampy region, dark and dank. 114
A stream flowed through the middle, fed by innumerable tiny rivulets from the hills all around. We picked our way across, balancing on fallen tree trunks and jumping from log to log. As we began to climb a steep hill on the far side I heard the telltale sound of bark cloth being pounded into shape, the cheerful shouting of women as they called to each other while they finished the building of their huts, and an occasional outburst of song, sung for no other reason than that this was the honey season, the season to be happy, the season to rejoice. Kenge gave a loud whoop of pleasure and darted [152]
among the trees like a young antelope, leaping and bounding out of sight. When I reached the clearing he was already sitting down, his face buried in a sticky mongongo leaf dripping with rich brown honey. He looked up and laughed.

The camp was called Apa Toungbe, the *toungbe* being a special 361 •
kind of honey tree. It was built halfway up a fairly high hill, on a [192]
patch of ground that was not quite level. Masisi's house was at the highest point of the tiny clearing, with Asofalinda to one side and Maipe's mother to the other. Masamba had built a house that virtually joined onto that of Masisi. Mine was halfway up the slope on the other side, facing across to Maipe. It was all ready when we arrived, the only one completely finished. Masisi proudly led me to it and inspected it with me. He had built the bed himself, carefully [352]
refraining from turning the ends of the branches up sharply as Pygmies seem to think should be done, so that the bed becomes the shape of a hammock without any of its back-saving resilience.

It was not thirty feet from one side of the camp to the other, and 000
the forest closed in a protective wall all around us. Kenge and I set off to see what the surrounding country was like, and soon we were far beyond the sounds of any voices other than our own. Everywhere we went we saw mushrooms and nuts and berries, and we collected

4: Putnam E-S (no date) 1948 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

133 rolling hills are separated by perennial streams never more than a few miles apart. A pygmy can find water almost anywhere within a hundred yards.

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Negro-pygmy Relations

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This forest is inhabited by two kinds of people, Negroes and pygmies, who maintain an almost symbiotic relationship, based on trade. A Negro village may own approximately 100 square miles of forest territory. In this territory are the Negro village and the pygmy village. The former is permanent, in a clearing; the latter is temporary, under the forest trees. In maintaining their relationship, it is the pygmies' job to take in honey and meat, while the Negroes' obligation is to give them plantains. In addition, the pygmies may bring in a certain amount of wild baselli fruit in season, or roofing leaves, or rattan and fibers for net making; in return they may acquire ax blades, knives, and arrowheads from the Negroes.

There is no strict process of barter involved, and no accounting kept, other than through general observation. If the pygmies are stingy, their Negroes will hold back their bananas. If the Negroes are stingy, the pygmies will leave the territory and go to live with other pygmies serving other Negro hosts.

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This relationship is interfamilial, between a pygmy family and a Negro family. It is a matter of close personal relations, inherited, on both sides, from father to son. These alliances may change from time to time, but when they do there are usually hard feelings; if a man's pygmy leaves him to serve another host it is a kind of divorce. In the old days, a frequent cause of inter-village warfare among the Negroes was the luring away of each other's pygmies.

Before the Belgians stopped inter-village and intertribal warfare, the most important single duty of the pygmy was to act as scout and intelligence agent in the forest. As soon as he became aware of a raiding party crossing the boundary of his host's territory he would hotfoot it to the village to give warning. This eternal vigilance on the part of the pygmy was probably of more value to his hosts than the meat that he brought in. Now that the need of this has ceased he is fulfilling only half of his contract: the Negro, who still provides plantains and manufactured objects, is still fulfilling all of his. Still both are satisfied.

Ordinarily, the pygmy keeps inside the territory of his Negro hosts. Individuals and small family groups may go outside to visit relatives in other bands, but this causes no disturbance because the visitors turn in their game to the hosts of the kinsmen whom they are visiting. This constant milling about evens up on the whole, and the number of pygmies in any band at any one time is about the same. There are occasions, however, when the hunters of a band may have a strong reason to pass beyond the landmarks which designate their hosts' territorial boundaries. If there is a lot of game just over the border and no pygmies there to catch it, the pygmies will tell their Negroes, who tell the Negroes owning that part of the forest. An agreement will be made between the two groups of Negroes, and the pygmies will be allowed to take the game, provided that they pay a part of it to the owners of the forest, and another part to their own hosts. This kind of economic treaty, therefore, brings the pygmies of a given band into contact with two groups of Negroes, and may initiate new relationships.

When the pygmy camp is close to the Negro village, some of the pygmies

177 574 [296] may come in every evening. They will leave a couple of old men to stay behind in the camp as guards, smoking hashish, and the rest will go into the village, usually around four o'clock in the afternoon, after the day's hunting is over. From then until dark a few pygmies are usually to be seen hanging about the women's quarters. If a white man arrives, however, they quickly disappear, through fear that he will confiscate their antelope, or any other game that they may have brought with them.

[297] These mass visits are made particularly if it is going to be a moonlit night, and if wine drinking is going on. If there is a moon they will stay and dance; if not, they will come home [535] at dark. The Negroes give them wine in a condescending way, and the pygmies put on what the Negroes consider to be wild, barbaric dances.

439 [361] Sometimes the pygmy camp is as much as two days' journey from the village. In this case, the pygmies go in seldom, and browbeat their wives to make them go in to get plantains.

A visitor to a Negro village can nearly always see bunches of plantains lying around on the ground; they have been placed there for the pygmies, who pick them up and carry them home. There is no need for any special bargaining or designation; the pygmies know which bunches are for them.

177 439 571 **Pygmy attitudes toward their Negroes.**—The pygmies consider themselves inseparably attached to their hosts and think it their duty to provide them with meat. Although they feel that they are supposed to turn over all honey and elephant meat, in each case they eat all they can before taking it into the village. They never preserve [251] or store any food. Their duty of feeding the Negroes meat is therefore regarded as somewhat of a nuisance. On the other hand, when the pygmy

[P. 324-A]

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162 of pygmies, of both sexes and all ages, to a camp, with from twenty to forty active adult males.

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361 **Moving camp.**—The pygmies live in any given camp for a month or two at a time. By that time they will have frightened most of the game out of the immediate neighborhood, so that they have to walk a long way to hunt and a long way back. Furthermore, since [514] they relieve themselves at only a short distance from their huts, the whole camp will have become extremely malodorous by that time and uncomfortable even by pygmy standards, and a shift is doubly necessary.

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361 When they have decided where to move, the women pack their carrying baskets with their pots and axes, and a small supply of ficus bark for the men to beat into cloth at their leisure. [482] Whatever they own they will pile on their backs, along with their babies, the babies often mounting the rest of the load. The men will take only their weapons—their bows and arrows and elephant spears.

Once the women are loaded they will start out, and reach the new area at about noon. They begin wandering about looking for a good spot—a place near water where there is supposed to be game, and fruit. Game is the first consideration, then fruit, but a *sine qua non* is to be about fifty yards from drinking water. The next consideration is to have the camp on a moderate slope so it will not become a quagmire when it rains. Another consideration is the absence of dead branches or leaning trunks which might be blown down during the wind storm which precedes the afternoon rain.

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621 When they have hit upon a suitable spot, the women build the huts in a circle with the doorways facing in. There is no orientation, nor are any spots preferred. There are no special huts for unmarried boys or girls, or

361 621 widows; there are no ritual structures. There is simply one hut for each individual family. The relation of huts 361 621 572 in the circle seems fortuitous, but it is dictated more than anything else by the friendship of women. Women are home most of the day; the men are out hunting. Women perform tasks that require no interaction, but they help each other for company. Friendship among the women generally takes the form of pairs, although subsidiary friendships may make larger groups. Hence the position of the huts, or rather the determination of who lives in which hut in what part of the circle, is determined purely on the intimacy of women in their daily work routines.

621 361 Once they are in this camp they will stay on another three months or so until the game is scarce, the fruit gone, the camp ringed by high refuse heaps and pungent with the smell of rotting food and human refuse. Or they will perhaps move on a little earlier if someone dies and is buried there. They do [805] not count time; they simply respond to the practical needs of the moment, the way lower organisms respond automatically to changes in intensity of light. Moreover, they will never go back to exactly the same place. One reason for this may be the presence of funeral remains; but there may be other reasons. The pygmies do not say why, and probably do not know.

628 574 **Intercamp visits.**—For various reasons, individual pygmies and even whole families often visit neighboring [583] camps. With exchange marriage it is necessary to know the people with whom an exchange is to be made. Thus, the need of finding wives makes it necessary to establish relationships between members of different camp units. Aside from marriage, other circumstances sometimes inspire these visits, as, for example, when an individual

[P 336-A]